THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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DRAWN BY GEORGE GIBBS

A Young Lion of Dedan
A Story of Modern Egypt

By Sir Gilbert Parker

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son
First in New Series

Two Great Men of Russia
II. POBEDONOSTEFF

By U. S. Sen. Beveridge

Ethics and Etiquette of the Forecastle

By Morgan Robertson

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

The California King Gold Mines Company

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Messrs. WILLIAM A. MEARS & CO., 25 Broad St., New York City. New York, July 16, 1902.

My Dear Sirs:—

You asked me to-day what the situation was with regard to the California King Gold Mines Co., and when the mill would be ready to run. I will say that the mill is practically completed, only a few things necessary to be done to put it in running order; that the railroad is also completed; that the mine is opened up and the railroad tracks are in to the ore. We have one locomotive on the ground, but it is not sufficient to handle the full amount of ore the mill will treat. Another locomotive is being constructed by the Porter people at Pittsburgh, and we expect that it will be delivered to us the first of next month. We expect to be running by that time, and believe that in a very short time after the mill is fairly running we shall be able to pay excellent dividends to our stockholders.

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Very truly yours,
(Signed) R. F. PETTIGREW,
Vice-President.

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TO SUM UP

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Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, to His Son Pierrepont, at The Travelers' Rest, New Albany, Indiana

BROTHER BILL . . . SMOKED TWO-BIT CIGARS AND WORE A PLUG HAT

CHICAGO, July 15, 189–

Dear Pierrepont: I met young Horshey, of Horshey & Horter, the grain and provision brokers, at luncheon yesterday, and while we were talking over the light run of hogs your name came up somehow, and he congratulated me on having such a smart son. Like an old fool, I allowed that you were bright enough to come in out of the rain if somebody called you, though I ought to have known better, for it seems as if I never start in to brag about your being sound and sweet that I don't have to wind up by allowing a rebate for skippers.

Horshey was so blamed anxious to show that you were over-weight—he wants to handle some of my business on 'Change—that he managed to prove you a light-weight. Told me you had ordered him to sell a hundred thousand ribs short last week, and that he had just bought them in on a wire from you at a profit of four hundred and sixty-odd dollars. I was mighty hot, you bet, to know that you had been speculating, but I had to swallow and allow that you were a pretty sharp boy. I told Horshey to close out the account and send me a check for your profits and I would forward it, as I wanted to give you a tip on the market before you did any more trading.

I inclose the check herewith. Please indorse it over to the treasurer of The Home for Half-Orphans and return at once. I will see that he gets it with your compliments.

Now, I want to give you that tip on the market. There are several reasons why it isn't safe for you to trade on 'Change just now, but the particular one is that Graham & Co. will fire you if you do. Trading on margin is a good deal like paddling around the edge of the old swimming hole—it seems safe and easy at first, but before a fellow knows it he has stepped off the edge into deep water. The wheat pit is only thirty feet across, but it reaches clear down to Hell. And trading on margin means trading on the ragged edge of nothing. When a man buys, he's buying something that the other fellow hasn't got. When a man sells, he's selling something that he hasn't got. And it's been my experience that the net profit on nothing is nit. When a speculator wins he don't stop till he loses, and when he loses he can't stop till he wins.

You have been in the packing business long enough now to know that it takes a bull only thirty seconds to lose his hide; and if you'll believe me when I tell you that they can skin a bear just as quick on 'Change, you won't have a Board of Trade Indian using your pelt for a rug during the long winter months.

Because you are the son of a pork packer you may think that you know a little more than the next fellow about paper pork. There's nothing in it. The poorest men on earth are the relations of millionaires. When I sell futures on 'Change they're against hogs that are traveling into dry salt at the rate of one a second, and if the market goes up on me I've got the solid meat to deliver. But, if you lose, the only part of the hog which you can deliver is the squeal.

I wouldn't bear down so hard on this matter if money was the only thing that a fellow could lose on 'Change. But if a clerk sells pork, and the market goes down, he's mighty apt to get a lot of ideas with holes in them and bad habits as the small change of his profits. And if the market goes up he's likely to go short his self-respect to win back his money.

Most men think that they can figure up all their assets in dollars and cents, but a merchant may owe a hundred thousand dollars and be solvent. A man's got to lose more than money to be broke. When a fellow's got a straight backbone and a clear eye his creditors don't have to lie awake nights worrying over his liabilities. You can hide your meanness from your brain and your tongue, but the eye and the backbone won't keep secrets. When the tongue lies, the eyes tell the truth.

I know you'll think that the old man is bucking and kicking up a lot of dust over a harmless little flyer. But I've kept a heap smarter boys than you out of Joliet when they found it easy to feed the Board of Trade hog out of my cash drawer, after it had sucked up their savings in a couple of laps.

You must learn not to overwork a dollar any more than you would a horse. Three per cent. is a small load for it to draw; six, a safe one; when it pulls in ten for you it's likely working out West and you've got to watch to see that it doesn't buck; when it makes twenty you own a blame good critter or a mighty foolish one, and you want to make dead sure which; but if it draws a hundred it's playing the races or something just as hard on horses and dollars, and the first thing you know you won't have even a carcass to haul to the glue factory.

I dwell a little on this matter of speculation because you've got to live next door to the Board of Trade all your life, and it's a safe thing to know something about a neighbor's dogs before you try to pat them. Sure Things, Straight Tips and Dead Cinches will come running out to meet you, wagging their tails and looking as innocent as if they hadn't just killed a lamb, but they'll bite. The only safe road to follow in speculation leads straight away from the Board of Trade on the dead run.

Speaking of sure things naturally calls to mind the case of my old friend Deacon Wiggleford, whom I used to know back in Missouri years ago. The Deacon was a powerful pious man, and he was good according to his lights, but he didn't use a very superior article of kerosene to keep them burning.

HE WAS SO BLAMED BUSY EXHORTING OTHERS

Used to take up half the time in prayer-meeting talking about how we were all weak vessels and stewards. But he was so blamed busy exhorting others to give out of the fullness with which the Lord had blessed them that he sort of forgot that the Lord had blessed him about fifty thousand dollars' worth, and put it all in mighty safe property, too, you bet.

The Deacon had a brother in Chicago whom he used to call a sore trial. Brother Bill was a broker on the Chicago Board of Trade, and, according to the Deacon, he was not only engaged in a sinful occupation, but he was a mighty poor steward of his sinful gains. Smoked two-bit cigars and wore a plug hat. Drank a little and cussed a little and went to the Episcopalian Church, though he had been raised a Methodist. Altogether it looked as if Bill was a pretty hard nut.

Well, one fall the Deacon decided to go to Chicago himself to buy his winter goods, and naturally he hiked out to Brother Bill's to stay, which was considerable cheaper for him than the Palmer House, though, as he told us when he got back, it made him sick to see the waste.

The Deacon had his mouth all fixed to tell Brother Bill that, in his opinion, he wasn't much better than a faro dealer, for he used to brag that he never let anything turn him from his duty, which meant his meddling in other people's business. I want to say right here that with most men duty means something unpleasant which the other fellow ought to do. As a matter of fact, a man's first duty is to mind his own business. It's been my experience that it takes about all the thought and work which one man can give to run one man right, and if a fellow's putting in five or six hours a day on his neighbor's character, he's mighty apt to scamp the building of his own.

Well, when Brother Bill got home from business that first night, the Deacon explained that every time he lit a two-bit cigar he was depriving a Zulu of twenty-five helpful little tracts which might have made a better man of him; that fast horses were a snare and plug hats a wile of the Enemy; that the Board of Trade was the Temple of Belial and the brokers on it his sons and servants.

Brother Bill listened mighty patiently to him, and when the Deacon had pumped out all the Scripture that was in him, and was beginning to suck air, he sort of slunk into the conversation like a setter pup that's been caught with the feathers on its chops.

"Brother Zeke," says he, "I shall certainly let your words soak in. I want to be a number two red, hard, sound and clean sort of a man, and grade contract on delivery day. Perhaps, as you say, the rust has got into me and the Inspector won't pass me, and if I can see it that way I'll settle my trades and get out of the market for good."

The Deacon knew that Brother Bill had scraped together considerable property, and, as he was a bachelor, it would come to him in case the broker was removed by any sudden

(*Concluded on Page 18*)

A YOUNG LION OF DEDAN

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

AUTHOR OF THE RIGHT OF WAY, ETC.

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How Young Dicky Donovan, Unofficial Arbiter of the Destiny of Egypt, Threw Dice with the Fates

LOOKING from the minaret the Two could see, far off, the Pyramids of Ghizeh and Sakkara, the wells of Helouan, the Mokattam Hills, the tombs of the Caliphs, the Khedive's palace at distant Abbasiyeh. Nearer by, the life of the city was spread out. Little green oases of palms emerged from the noisy desert of white stone and plaster. The roofs of the houses, turned into gardens and promenades, made of the huge superficial city one broken, irregular pavement. Minarets of mosques stood up like giant lamp-posts along these vast, meandering streets. Shiftless housewives lolled with unkempt hair on the housetops, and the women of the harem looked out of the little mooshrabieh panels in the clattering, narrow bazars.

Just at their feet was a mosque—one of the thousand nameless mosques of Cairo. It was the season of Ramadan, and a Friday, the Sunday of the Mohammedan—the Ghimah. The "Two" were Donovan Pasha, the English Secretary to the Khedive, generally known as Little Dicky Donovan, and Captain Renshaw, of the American Consulate. There was no man in Egypt of as much importance as Dicky Donovan. It was an importance which could neither be bought nor sold.

Presently Dicky touched the arm of his companion. "There it comes!" he said.

His friend followed the nod of Dicky's head, and saw, passing slowly through a street below, a funeral procession. Near a hundred blind men preceded the bier, chanting the death-phrases. The bier was covered by a faded Persian shawl, and it was carried by the poorest of the fellaheen, though in the crowd following were many richly-attired merchants of the bazars. On a cart laden with bread and rice two fellaheen stood and handed, or tossed out, food to the crowd—token of a death in high places. Vast numbers of people rambled behind chanting, and a few women and men, near the bier, tore their garments, put dust on their heads, and kept crying: "*Salem ala ahali!* (Remember us to our friends!)"

Walking immediately behind the bier was one conspicuous figure, and there was a space around him which none invaded. He was dressed in white, like an Arabian Mohammedan, and he wore the green turban of one who has been the pilgrimage to Mecca.

At sight of him Dicky straightened himself with a little jerk, and his tongue clicked with satisfaction. "Isn't he, though? Isn't he?" he said, after a moment. His lips, pressed together, curled in with a trick they had when he was thinking hard, planning things.

The other forbore to question. The notable figure had instantly arrested his attention, and held it until it passed from view.

"Isn't he, though, Yankee?" Dicky repeated, and pressed a knuckle tightly in the other's waistcoat.

"Isn't he what?"

"Isn't he bully—in your own language?"

"In figure; but I couldn't see his face distinctly."

"You'll see that presently. You could cut a whole Egyptian ministry out of that face, and have enough left for an American President or the head of the Salvation Army. In all the years I've spent here I've never seen one that could compare with him in character and force."

"He seems an **ooster* here—you know him?"

"Do I!" Dicky paused and squinted up at the tall Southerner. "What do you suppose I brought you out from your Consulate for to see?—the view from Ebn Mahmoud? And you call yourself a cute Yankee?"

"I'm no more a Yankee than you are, as I've told you before," answered the American with a touch of impatience, yet smilingly. "I'm from South Carolina, the first State that seceded."

"Anyhow, I'm going to call you Yankee, to keep you nicely disguised. This is the land of disguises."

*Ooster—One of the best sort (freely interpreted).

"Then we did not come out to see the view?" the other drawled. There was a quickening of the eye, a drooping of the lid, which betrayed a sudden interest, a sense of adventure.

Dicky laid his head back and laughed noiselessly. "My dear Renshaw, with all Europe worrying Ismail, with France in the butler's pantry and England at the front door, does the *bowab* and the *saraf* go out to take air on the housetops, and watch the sun set on the Pyramids and make a rainbow of the desert? I am the *bowab* and the *saraf*, the man-of-all-work, the Jack-of-all-trades, the 'confidential' to the Oriental spendthrift. Am I a dog, to bay the moon?—have I the soul of a tourist from Liverpool or Poughkeepsie?"

The lanky Southerner gripped his arm. "There's a hunting song of the South," he said, "and the last line is, '*The hound that never tires.*' You are that, Donovan Pasha——"

"I am 'Little Dicky Donovan,' so they say," interrupted the other.

"You are the confidential man of the Khedive, the weight that steadies things in this shaky Egypt. You are you, and you've brought me out here because there's work of some kind to do, and——"

"And you're an American, and we speak the same language!"

"THERE IT COMES!" HE SAID

"And our Consulate is all right, if needed, whatever it is. You've played a square game in Egypt. You're the only man in office who hasn't got rich out of her, and——"

"I'm not in office."

"You're the power behind the throne——"

"I'm helpless—worse than helpless, Yankee. I've spent years of my life here. I've tried to be of some use, and play a good game for England, and keep a conscience, too, but it's been no real good. I've only staved off the crash. I'm helpless now. That's why I'm here."

He leaned forward and looked out of the minaret, and down toward the great locked gates of the empty mosque.

Renshaw put his hand on Dicky's shoulder. "It's the man in white yonder you're after?"

Dicky nodded. "It was no use as long as *she* lived. But she's dead now—her face was under that old Persian shawl—and I'm going to try it on."

"Try what on?"

"Last night I heard she was sick. I heard at noon to-day that she was gone; and then I got you to come out and see the view!"

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Make him come back."

"From where?"

"From this native quarter and the bazars. He was for years in Abdin Palace."

"What do you want him for?"

"It's a little gamble for Egypt. There's no man in the country Ismail loves and fears so much——"

"Except Little Dicky Donovan!"

"That's all twaddle. There's no man Ismail fears so much, because he's the idol of the cafés and the bazars. He's *the* Egyptian in Egypt to-day. You talk about me? Why, I'm the foreigner, the Turk, the robber, the man that holds the lash over Egypt. I'd go like a wisp of straw if there was an uprising!"

"Will there be an uprising?" The Southerner's fingers moved as though they were feeling a pistol.

"As sure as that pyramid stands. Everything depends on the kind of uprising. I want one kind. There may be another."

"That's what you are here for?"

"Exactly."

"What is his story?"

"*She* was." He nodded toward the funeral procession.

"Who was she?"

"She was a slave." Then, after a pause: "She was a genius, too. She saw what was in him. She was waiting—but death couldn't wait, so—— Everything now depends. What she asked him to do, he'll do."

"But if she didn't ask?"

"That's it. She was sick only seventeen hours—sick unto death. If she didn't ask he may come my way."

Again Dicky leaned out of the minaret and looked down toward the gates of the mosque, where the old gatekeeper lounged half-asleep. The noise of the procession had died away almost, had then revived, and now from beyond the gates of the mosque could be heard the cry of the mourners: "*Salem ala ahali!*"

There came a knocking, and the old porter rose up, shuffled to the great gates and opened them. For a moment he barred the way, but when the bearers pointed to the figure in white he stepped aside and salaamed low.

"He is stone deaf, and hasn't heard, or he'd have let her in fast enough," said Dicky.

"It's a new thing for a woman to be of importance in an Oriental country," said Renshaw.

"Ah, that's it! That's where her power was. She, with him, could do anything. He, with her, could have done anything. . . . Stand back there, where you can't be seen—quick!" added Dicky hurriedly, and they both drew back.

"I'm afraid it was too late. He saw me," added Dicky.

"I'm afraid he did," said Renshaw.

"Never mind. It's all in the day's work. He and I are all right. The only danger would lie in the crowd discovering us in this holy spot, where the muezzin calls to prayer, and giving us what for, before he could interfere."

"I'm going down from this holy spot," said Renshaw, and suited the action to the word.

"Me, too, Yankee," said Dicky, and they came half-way down the tower. Still well above the heads of the vast crowd, through which the sweetmeat and sherbet sellers ran, calling their wares and jangling their brass cups, they watched the burial.

"What is his name?" said Renshaw.

"Abdalla."

"Hers?"

"Noor-ala-Noor."

"What does that mean?"

"Light from the Light."

II

THE burial was over. Hundreds had touched the coffin, taking a last farewell. The blind men had made a circle round the grave, hiding the last act of ritual from the multitude. The needful leaves, the graceful pebbles, had been deposited, the myrtle leaves and flowers had been thrown, and rice, dates, bread, meat and silver pieces were scattered among the people. Some poor men came near to the chief mourner.

"Oh, effendi, may our souls be thy sacrifice, and may God give coolness to thine eyes! Speak to us by the will of God!"

For a moment the white-robed figure stood looking at them in silence, then he raised his hand and motioned toward the high pulpit, which was almost underneath where Dicky and Renshaw stood. Going over, he mounted the steps, and the people followed and crowded upon the pulpit.

"A nice jack-pot that," said Renshaw, as he scanned the upturned faces through the opening in the wall. "A pretty one-eyed lot."

"Shows how they love their country. Their eyes were put out by their mothers when they were babes to avoid conscription. . . . Listen, Yankee: Egypt is talking. Now, we'll see!"

Dicky's lips were pressed tight together, and he stroked his faint mustache with his thumb-nail, a way he had when in suspense. His eyes were not on the speaker, but on the distant sky, the Mokattam Hills and the forts Napoleon had built there. He was listening intently to Abdalla's high, clear voice, which rang through the ruined mosque.

"In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful, children of Egypt, listen. Me ye have known years without number, and ye know that I am of you, as ye are of me. Our feet are in the same shoes, we gather from the same date-palm, of the same goolah we drink. My father's father—now in the bosom of God, praise be to God!—builded this mosque; and my father, whose soul abides in peace with God, he cherished it till evil days came upon this land. '*Be your gifts to this mosque neither of silver nor copper, but of tears and prayers,*' said my father, Ebn Abdalla, before he unrolled his green turban and wound himself in it for his winding-sheet. '*Though it be till the Karedh-gatherers return, yet shall ye replace nor stone nor piece of wood, save in the gates thereof, till good days come once more, and the infidel and the Turk be driven from the land.*' Thus spake he. . . ."

There came a stir and a murmuring among the crowd, and cries of *Allah Akbar!* "Peace, peace!" urged the figure in white. "Make no noise. This is the house of the dead, of one who has seen God. . . . '*Nothing shall be repaired, save the gates of the mosque of Ebn Mahmoud, the mosque of my father's father*'; so said my father. '*And one shall stand at the gates and watch, though the walls crumble away, till the day when the land shall again be our land, and the chains of the stranger be forged in every doorway.*' . . . But no, ye shall not lift up your voices in anger. This is the abode of peace, and the mosque is my mosque, and the dead my dead."

"The dead is our dead, effendi—may God give thee everlasting years!" called a blind man from the crowd.

Up in the tower Dicky had listened intently, and as the speech proceeded his features contracted; once he gripped the arm of Renshaw.

"It's coming on to blow," he said, in the pause made by the blind man's interruption. "There'll be shipwreck somewhere."

"Ye know the way by which I came," continued Abdalla loudly. "Nothing is hid from you. I came near to the person of the Prince, whom God make wise while yet the stars of his life give light! In the palace of Abdin none was preferred before me. I was much in the sun, and mine eyes were dazzled. Yet in season I spake the truth, and for you I labored. But not as one who hath a life to give and seeks to give it. For the dazzle that was in mine eyes hid from me the fullness of your trials. But there came an end. *She* came to the palace a slave—Noor-ala-Noor. . . . Nay, nay, be silent still, my brothers! . . . Her soul was the soul of one born free. On her lips was wisdom. In her heart was truth like a flaming sword. To the Prince she spoke not as a slave to a slave, but in high, level terms. He would have married her, but her life lay in the hollow of her hand, and the hand was a hand to open and shut according as the soul willed. She was ready to close it so that none save Allah might open it again. Then in anger the Prince would have given her to his *bowab* at the gates, or to the Nile, after the manner of a Turk or a Persian tyrant—may God purge him of his loathsomeness! . . ."

He paused, as though choking with passion and grief, and waved a hand over the crowd in agitated command.

"Here's the old sore open at last—which way now?" said Dicky in a whisper. "It's the toss of a penny where he'll pull up. As I thought. . . . 'Sh!" he added.

Abdalla continued. "Then did I stretch forth my hand, and, because I loved her, a slave with the freedom of God in her soul and on her face, I said, 'Come with me,' and behold! she came, without a word, for our souls spake to each other as in the olden hours of the world, ere the hearts of men grew dark. I, an Egyptian of a despised and downtrodden land, where all men are slaves save the rich, and the rich go in the fear of their lives; she, a woman from afar, of that ancient tribe who conquered Egypt long ago—we went forth from the palace alone and penniless. He, the Prince, dared not follow to do me harm, for my father's father ye knew, and my father ye knew, and me ye knew since I came into the world, and in all that we had ye shared while yet we had it; and he feared ye. We lived among ye, poor as ye are poor, yet rich for that Egypt was no poorer because of us." He waved his hand as though to still the storm he was raising. . . . "If ye call aloud, I will drive ye from this place of peace, this garden of her who was the Light from the Light. It hath been so until yesterday, when God stooped and drew the veil from her face, and she dropped the garment of life and fled from the world. . . . Go, go hence," he added, his voice thick with sorrow. "But ere ye go, answer me, as ye have souls that desire God and the joys of Paradise, will ye follow where I go if I come and call ye? Will ye obey if I command?"

"By the will of God, thou hast purchased our hearts; we will do thy wish forever!" was the answering cry.

"Then, bring down the infidels that have stood in the minaret above, where the muezzin calls to prayer," sharply called Abdalla, and waved an arm toward the tower where Dicky and Renshaw were.

An oath broke from the lips of the Southerner; but Dicky smiled. "He's done it in style," he said. "Come along." He bounded down the steps to the doorway before the crowd had blocked the way. "They might toss us out of that minaret," he added, as they both pushed their way into the open.

"You take too many risks, effendi," he called up to Abdalla in French, as excited Arabs laid hands upon them and were shaken off. "Call away these fools!" he added coolly to the moveless figure watching on the pulpit stairs.

Cries of "Kill! kill the infidels!" resounded on all sides; but Dicky spoke up again to Abdalla. "Stop this nonsense, effendi." Then, without waiting for an answer, he shouted to the crowd: "I am Donovan Pasha. Touch me, and you touch Ismail. I haven't come to spy, but to sorrow with you for Noor-ala-Noor, whose soul is with God, praise be to God, and may God give her spirit to you! I have come to weep for him in whom greatness speaks; I have come for love of Abdalla, the Egyptian! . . . Is it a sin to stand apart in silence and unseen to weep? Was it a sin against the Moslem faith that in this minaret I prayed God to comfort Abdalla, grandson of Ebn Mahmoud, Egyptian of the Egyptians? Was it not I who held Ismail's hand when he—being in an anger—would have scoured the bazars with his horsemen for Abdalla and Noor-ala-Noor? This is known to Abdalla, whom God preserve and exalt. Is not Abdalla friend to Donovan Pasha?"

Dicky was known to hundreds present. There was not a merchant from the bazars but had had reason to know his presence among them, either by friendly gossip over a cup of coffee, by biting remarks in Arabic as good as their own, when they lied to him, or by the sweep of his stick over the mastaba and through the chattels of some vile-mouthed salesman who, not recognizing him, insulted English ladies whom he escorted through the bazar. They knew his face, his tongue, and the weight and style of his arm; and though they would cheerfully have seen him the sacrifice of the Jehad to the cry of *Allah Akbar!* they respected him for himself, and they feared him because he was near to the person of Ismail. He was the more impressive because in the midst of wealth and splendor he remained poor: he had more than once bought turquoises and opals and horses and saddlery, which he paid for in installments, like any little merchant. These, therefore, who knew him, were well inclined to leave him alone, and those who did not know him were impressed by his speech. If it was true that he was friend to Abdalla, then his fate was in the hand of God, not theirs. They all had heard of Little Donovan Pasha, whom Ismail counted only less than Gordon Pasha, the mad Englishman, who emptied his pocket for an old servant, gave his coat to a beggar, and outrode the Arabs of the desert.

DICKY WAS PLAYING A DANGEROUS GAME

"Call off your terriers, effendi," said Dicky again in French; for Renshaw was restive under the hands that were laid on his arm and the *neboots that threatened him. "My friend here is American. He stands for the United States in Egypt."

Abdalla had not moved a muscle during the disturbance, or during Dicky's speech. He seemed but the impassive spectator, though his silence and the look in his eyes were ominous. It would seem as though he waited to see whether the Englishman and his friend could free themselves from the danger. If they could, then it was God's will; if they could not, *malaish!* Dicky understood. In this he read Abdalla like a parchment, and though he had occasion to be resentful he kept his nerves and his tongue in an equable mood. He knew that Abdalla would speak now. The Egyptian raised his hand.

"In the name of Allah, the compassionate, the merciful, go your ways," he said loudly. "It is as Donovan Pasha says; he stayed the hand of Ismail for my sake. Noor-ala-Noor, the Light from the Light, saw into his heart and it was the honest heart of a fool. And these are the words of the

*Neboots—Clubs.

Koran, That the fool is one whom God has made His temple for a season, thereafter withdrawing. None shall injure the temple. Were not your hearts bitter against him, and when he spoke did ye not soften? He hath no inheritance of Paradise, but God shall blot him out in His own time. *Bismillah!* God cool his resting-place in that day. Donovan Pasha's hand is for Egypt, not against her. We are brothers, though the friendship of man is like the shade of the acacia. Yet while the friendship lives, it lives. When God wills it to die, it dies. . . ." He waved his hand toward the gateway, and came slowly down the steep steps.

With a curious look in his eyes Dicky watched the people go. Another curious look displaced it and stayed, as Abdalla silently touched his forehead, his lips and his heart three times, and then reached out a hand to Dicky and touched his palm. Three times they touched palms, and then he saluted Renshaw in the same fashion, making the gestures once only.

From the citadel came the boom of the evening gun. Without a word Abdalla left them, and, going apart, he turned his face toward Mecca and began his prayers. The courtyard of the mosque was now empty, save for themselves alone.

The two walked apart near the deserted fountain in the middle of the courtyard. "'*The friendship of man is like the shade of the acacia. Yet while the friendship lives, it lives. When God wills it to die, it dies!*'" mused Dicky with a significant smile. "Friendship walks on thin ice in the East, Yankee."

"See here, Donovan Pasha, I don't like taking this kind of risk without a gun," said Renshaw.

"You're an official, a diplomat; you can't carry a gun."

"It's all very fine, but it was a close shave for both of us. You've got an object—want to get something out of it. But what do I get for my money?"

"Perhaps the peace of Europe. Perhaps a page of reminiscences for the New York World. Perhaps some lime-light chapters of Egyptian history. Perhaps a little hari-kari. Don't you feel it in the air? All this in any other country would make you think you were having a devil of a time. It's on the regular 'ménoo' here, and you don't get a thrill."

"The peace of Europe—Abdalla has something to do with that?"

"Multiply the crowd just here by a thousand times as much, and that's what he could represent in one day. Give him a month, and every man in Egypt would be collecting his own taxes where he could find 'em. Abdalla there could be prophet and patriot to-morrow. Prophet and patriot there'll be here soon—not on the square—if things don't take a turn. That Egyptian-Arab has a tongue, he has brains, he has sorrow, he loved Noor-ala-Noor. Give a man the egotism of grief, and eloquence, and popularity, and he'll cut as sharp as the khamsin wind. The dust he'll raise will blind more eyes than you can see in a day's march, Yankee."

Renshaw looked at Dicky thoughtfully. "You're wasting your life here. You'll get nothing out of it. You're a great man, Donovan Pasha, but others'll reap where you sowed."

Dicky laughed softly. "I've had more fun for my money than most men of my height and hair——" he stroked his beardless chin humorously. "And the best is to come. This show is cracking. The audience are going to rush it."

Renshaw laid a hand on his shoulder. "Pasha, to tell you God's truth, I wouldn't have missed this for anything: but what I can't make out is, why you brought me here. You don't do things like that for nothing. You bet you don't. You'd not put another man in danger, unless *he* was going to get something out of it, or somebody was. It looks so——— useless! You've done your little job by your lonesome, anyhow; I was no use."

"Your turn comes," said Dicky, flashing a look of friendly humor at him. "America is putting her hand in the dough—through you. You'll know, and your country'll know, what's going on here in the hum of the dim bazars. Ismail's got to see how things stand, and you've got to help me tell him. You've got to say I tell the truth, when the French gentlemen, who have their several spokes in the Egyptian wheel, politely say I lie. Is it too much, or too little, Yankee?"

Renshaw almost gulped. "Jerusalem!" was all he could say. "And we wonder why the English swing things as they do!" he growled, when his breath came freely.

Abdalla had finished his prayers; he was coming toward them. Dicky went to meet him.

"Abdalla, I'm hungry," he said; "so are you. You've eaten nothing since sunset, two days ago."

"I am thirsty, effendi," he answered, and his voice was husky. "Come, I will give you to eat."

It was the time of Ramadan, when no Mahomedan eats food or touches liquid from the rising to the going down of the sun. As the sunset gun boomed from the citadel, Iida had been snatched off millions of cooking-pots throughout the land, and fingers had been thrust into the meat and rice of the evening feast, and their owners had gulped down bowls of water. The smell of a thousand cooking-pots came over the walls of the mosque to them now. Because of it, Abdalla's command to the crowd to leave had been easier of acceptance. Their hunger had made them dangerous. Danger was in the air. The tax-gatherers had lately gone their rounds, and the agents of the Steward, Sadik Pasha, the malevolent, had wielded the kourbash without mercy. It was perhaps lucky that the incident had occurred within smell of the evening feasts and near the sounding of the sunset gun.

III

A HALF-HOUR later, as Abdalla thrust his fingers into the dish and handed Dicky a succulent cucumber filled with fried meat, the latter said to him: "It is the wish of the Effendina, my friend. It comes as the will of God, for even as Noor-ala-Noor journeyed home to the bosom of God by your will, and by your prayers, being descended from Mahomet as you are, Ismail, who knew nothing of your sorrow, said to me: 'In all Egypt there is one man, and one only, for whom my soul calls to go into the desert with Gordon,' and I answered him and said: '*Inshallah* Effendina, it is Abdalla, the Egyptian.' And he laid his hand upon his head—I have seen him do that for no man since I came into his presence—and said: 'My soul calls for him. Find him and bid him to come. Here is my ring.'"

Dicky took from his pocket a signet ring, which bore a passage from the Koran, and laid it before Abdalla.

"What is Ismail to me!—or the far tribes of the Soudan! Here are my people," was the reply. Abdalla motioned to the next room where the blind men ate their evening meal, and out to the dimly-lighted streets where thousands of narghilahs and cigarettes made little smoky clouds that floated around white turbans and dark faces. "When they need me, I will speak; when they cry to me, I will unsheathe the sword of Ebn Mahmoud who fought with Mahomet Ali and saved the land from the Turk."

Renshaw watched the game with an eagerness unnoticeable in his manner. He saw how difficult was the task before

(*Continued on Page 18*)

TWO GREAT MEN OF RUSSIA

II. POBEDONOSTEFF

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE
United States Senator from Indiana

POBEDONOSTEFF is Procurator of the Holy Synod. Upon his head is poured all the discontent of every Russian who objects to the autocracy of the Greek Church, which is a political as well as a religious organization.

The Russian Church is a part of the Government. So true is this, so bound up in the life of the nation is the orthodox religion, that men who savagely assail the church's policies, who are utter disbelievers in its creed, and who even deny with contempt the Christian religion itself, are, by a paradox not to be otherwise understood, passionately devoted to the Russian Church as a national institution.

The Czar is the head of the church. Before the time of Peter it was not so. Then the chief officials of the church formed its actual head and elected one of their number to a place somewhat similar in its dignity and privilege to that of the Pope of Rome. The Great Reformer changed all this. He insisted on the church becoming a political institution and made himself its head. He provided for a body of church government called the Holy Synod and established an imperial representative to this body called the Procurator of the Holy Synod. As the mouthpiece of the Czar and, next to him, the head of the church, this officer, it will readily be seen, becomes the real, thinking, acting autocrat of this mighty organization, which has its representative in every hamlet and touches the conscience of every man, woman and child in the imperial dominions. And the man who has occupied this place of supreme power and influence from the time of the assassination of Alexander is Pobedonosteff.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Senator Beveridge on the dominant forces of the great Eastern Empire.

It is not possible, of course, to give a history of the church or even a sketch of Pobedonosteff's ecclesiastical statesmanship. It is enough to say that it has been the rigid, unyielding maintenance of one general plan and purpose, namely, the inflexible solidarity of the church establishment and its absolute identity with the Government itself. It has been his ambition to make and keep the church and the Government as inseparable as the soul and body of the living, thinking man. A child born of Russian parents, or even of one Russian parent, must be baptized in the Russian Orthodox Church and is forever a member of it.

Pobedonosteff has sternly refused to submit to the fiercely demanded reform of permitting a person once a member of the Russian Church to leave it. Once an orthodox Russian, always an orthodox Russian. He has resisted all demands to revise the church's creed. The ideal of his life is stability, authority; and to this ideal he is devoted with a passion which is the secret of most of his power. It is the claim of the Greek Church that it is the only religious institution which never changes. Its priests boast that it is as much more permanent and unchangeable than the Roman Catholic Church as that church in its turn is more permanent and unchangeable than the various Protestant denominations.

"Let the people have a fixed faith," said Pobedonosteff. "The soul of the people, finding expression through the ages and from remote antiquity in the fundamental doctrines of the church, is the surest proof of its authenticity and of its real representation of the soul of the nation."

Religious Unification of Russia

Against this adamantine character all the waves of so-called reform have beaten in vain. With a terrible calmness he has denied every application for what protestors call relief. He has crushed at their first appearance all impulses of advance. To his belief the fundamental truths are the things of vital, permanent and eternal moment to the souls of the people. "Let them be taught the simple, the profound and the everlasting truths," he exclaims. "To believe with all your soul in one God, the Father of mankind; to believe without doubting and with all the passion of unquestioning faith in Jesus Christ, his Son and the Saviour of the world; to learn the simple and fundamental difference between right and wrong, between good and evil; to make and keep the people simple, obedient and united"—these to Pobedonosteff are the necessary things.

The debating of warring sects, of doubting and shallow minds, the discord and division and, in the end, the death itself to which all this leads, are to him abhorrent and wicked. To make the Russian people one people, to bind together Finn and Slav and Tartar and Circassian, and finally Chinaman, too, perhaps, by the invisible and unbreakable bonds of a simple and common faith whose roots run back unbroken through the soil of the centuries—this is the vast ambition of this statesman of the church.

And so it is that Pobedonosteff rules with an iron hand. So it is that, being the Apostle of Russian Patriotism, intensified into the white heat of religious passion—and thus in a sense the highest personification of the Russian Nation—Pobedonosteff has the mind and the heart of his Czar. And so it is that the shining object of all dissent, the person at whose breast is aimed every shaft speeded at the church itself and its doctrine—the visible and responsible head to

which all officers, priests and members of that enormous organization attribute all their misfortunes, fancied and real —so it is that Pobedonosteff is the most hated man of Russia.

But even Pobedonosteff's bitterest foes in Russia gladly admit his absolute purity of character. Money has never soiled his hands. His name has never been connected with scandal, although his fierce denunciation of the immorality of even the leading characters of Russian high life stings like a whip of scorpions and intensifies the already burning hatred felt for him. Retaliation by way of charge of dishonesty or immorality or any word or deed of a personally improper kind has never been possible. It is admitted, too, that he is totally without personal ambition, even by those who speak of him as bigoted, fanatical, cruel; and that he is actuated in all his policies and plans by a devoted and fervent ideal. Single-mindedness, simplicity, purity, intensity, fearlessness and a determination that is fanatical—these are the elements of Pobedonosteff's character.

A Picture of the Real Pobedonosteff

Time and again you have read of him as the Tomas de Torquemada of the Russian people. More than once I have heard him described as the spirit of the Spanish Inquisition living in and breathing the atmosphere of the twentieth century. So you would expect that, upon meeting him, you would find a relentless countenance, at once a mask for and an expression of ferocity and fanaticism. And the conversation with him was looked forward to with keener interest even than that with Witte.

What of this man, then, and his surroundings? You will find him in a very unpretentious building which stands flush with the sidewalk on one of the busy streets of St. Petersburg. Upon entering you are in a hallway, wide and of medium height, with two soldiers clothed in an apparently old-time military costume standing at either side. Turning to the right you mount three low, broad steps into another hallway or room with lower ceiling than the first, where again two soldiers are motionless sentinels. A third soldier announces you, and a broad door is entered, into a large, low room full of shadow. There are books by the score, by the hundred. The man who works here is a student, that is plain. Besides the psychic impression of the student, a mystic feeling pervades the whole apartment.

At the extreme end, in still deeper shadow, as it appears from where you enter at the door, there is an ample, broad, heavy desk made out of some dark wood. At this desk sits an old man whose shoulders droop with age—that thing you observe although he is bending forward, lost to all other things in the writing in which he is engaged. He turns quickly, however, and advances toward you, and in a low, pleasant voice, full of all courtesy and kindliness, speaks, and makes you instantly at home.

You see the face now and the head. The hair, now becoming scanty and quite gray, is cut as close as possible. It is a large and finely shaped head with the regions of thought and reflection highly developed. The face is mild—even benevolent. The gray eyes are almost affectionate. The features are aglow with intelligence. The most vivid impression immediately produced is that of acute and profound mentality. In a photograph his face looks for all the world like that of the typical New England professor of twenty years ago. But with the living man before you it is the last face in the world that you would have picked out as that of the ruthless autocrat of reaction. His talk is mellow, alive, informing. His memory is sensitive and instantaneous.

Everybody knows of the visit of the late Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, to this kindred mind. Dana sought the interview and went to him an ardent hater. He came away the captivated admirer of this prince of Russian religious permanency. The incident of Mr. Dana's visit being called to his attention, Pobedonosteff remembered it instantly and spoke of Mr. Dana with admiration and enthusiasm. "A wonderful man," he said; "so broad, so catholic, so well informed. His was a mind and spirit of true greatness."

A Bitter Argument Against Americanism

Pobedonosteff has the courage of his convictions in the most ultimate degree. He does not believe in democratic institutions. He does not apologize for Russian autocracy; he does not even defend it. He asserts that it is the only correct principle of government—asserts, asserts, asserts! The whole man is assertion!

"You people who live in your so-called republican form of government flatter yourselves that you govern yourselves; but you do not. A small oligarchy governs you. I have studied it well. Votes are influenced by the appeals of demagogues. Other votes are bought outright by actual cash. Still other votes are influenced by the unthinking force of party association; and all of this program is arranged and operated by the few wire-pullers behind the scenes. These wire-pullers are your real rulers. And are they pure? Are they learned? Are they wise? Do they have the real interests of the people at heart, or is their own petty, personal interest the thing that controls them most? And if this last is so, are they equal to the enlightened governing class at whose head sits a hereditary Czar above corruption, above jealousies, above the mutations of party, and influenced under God only by considerations for the welfare of the people for whom he is responsible? Sometimes your elections turn upon the mere chance as to whether one party or the other gets the voters belonging to its organization out to the polls. In those instances chance rules. It is like throwing dice. Is there anything rational in such a government?"

These are his general views. He speaks with bitterness of the freedom of the press. "Who are these editors," he says, "who set themselves up as the teachers and rulers of public opinion, as the critics and censors of the plans of statesmen? Are they especially fitted for their task? Have they been selected by the people as the men best qualified for enlightening the people upon the plans and purposes of

POBEDONOSTEFF

government? Everybody knows that they are not. In most instances they are accidents. In nearly all cases they are hirelings—the employees of wealthy owners who dictate the policy and the editorials of the paper. They do not even own their own consciences—their own minds. Here perhaps is a drunken and besotted but brilliant scribbler who in a moment of alcoholic exhilaration flashes off a tawdry and sensational editorial. Yonder is a cringing intellectual slave of some coarse, ignorant man whose money pays his salary. Are these helpful teachers—wise commentators? I do not think so."

A Fierce Attack on the Press

Pobedonosteff has written some of the most cunningly thought-out and daring essays of the present generation. Here are some extracts of his essay entitled The Press:

The newspaper has usurped the position of judicial observer of the events of the day; it judges not only the actions and words of men, but affects a knowledge of their unexpressed opinions, their intentions and their enterprises; it praises and condemns at discretion; it incites some, threatens others; drags to the pillory one, and others exalts as idols to be adored and examples worthy of the emulation of all. In the name of Public Opinion it bestows rewards on some and punishes others with the severity of excommunication. The question naturally occurs: Who are these representatives of this terrible power, Public Opinion? Whence is derived their right and authority to rule in the name of the community, to demolish existing institutions and to proclaim new ideals of ethics and legislation?

Any vagabond babbler or unacknowledged genius, any enterprising tradesman, with his own money or with the money of others, may found a newspaper, even a great newspaper. He may attract a host of writers and feuilletonists, ready to deliver judgment on any subject at a moment's notice. He may hire illiterate reporters to keep him supplied with rumors and scandals. His staff is then complete. From that day he sits in judgment on all the world, on ministers and administrators, on literature and art, on finance and industry.

A single quotation from his bitter essay against democratic institutions, entitled The Great Falsehood of Our Time, will throw a flood of light upon his views, and his method of thought and expression:

Elections are a matter of art, having, as the military art, their strategy and tactics. The candidate is not brought into direct relations with his constituents. As intermediary stands the committee, a self-constituted institution, the chief weapon of which is impudence. The candidate, if he is unknown, begins by assembling a number of friends and patrons. Then altogether they organize a hunt among the rich and weak-minded aristocrats of their neighborhood whom they convince that it is their duty, their prerogative and their privilege to stand at the head as leaders of public opinion.

There is little difficulty in finding stupid or idle people who are taken in by this trickery; and then, above their signatures, appear manifestoes in the newspapers and on the walls and pillars, which seduce the mass, eager always in the pursuit of names, titles and wealth.

Thus are formed the committees which direct and control the elections. They resemble, in much, public companies. The composition of the committee is carefully elaborated; it contains some of active force—energetic men who pursue at all costs material ends—while simple and frivolous idlers constitute the ballast. The committees organize meetings, where speeches are delivered, where he who possesses the powerful voice and can quickly and skillfully string phrases together, produces always an impression on the mass and acquires notoriety—thus comes out the candidate for future election, who, with favoring conditions, may even supersede him whom he came to help. Phrases, and nothing but phrases, dominate these meetings. The crowd hears only him who cries the loudest and who with impudence and with flattery conforms most artfully to the impulses and tendencies of the mob.

On the day of polling few give their votes intelligently; these are the individual, influential electors whom it has been worth while to convince in private. The mass of the electors, after the practice of the herd, vote for one of the candidates nominated by the committees. Not one exactly knows the man, or considers his character, his capacity, his convictions; all vote merely because they have heard his name so often. It would be vain to struggle against this herd. If a level-headed elector wished to act intelligently in such a grave affair and not to give way to the violence of the committee he would have to abstain altogether, or to give his vote for his candidate according to his conviction. However he might act, he could not prevent the election of the candidate favored by the mass of frivolous, indifferent and prejudiced electors.

In theory, the elected candidate must be the favorite of the majority; in fact, he is the favorite of a minority, sometimes very small, but representing an organized force, while the majority, like sand, has no coherence, and is therefore incapable of resisting the clique and the faction. In theory, the election favors the intelligent and capable; in reality, it favors the pushing and the impudent.

It will be seen from these quotations that Pobedonosteff is as intellectually intense, as mentally passionate, as he is in manners urbane and charming. But he is not always soothing and velvet-voiced, even in personal talk and contact. At the close of the conversation the policy of the church was mentioned. Instantly it appeared that every nerve of that sensitive organism had been touched into abnormal alertness. "Yes, what of the policy of the church?"

Russia Not a State, but a World

When it was suggested that, when considered as a great cohesive force, whose purpose it is to bind together into a solid and substantial organism tens of millions of people widely scattered, it is a coherent and reasonable policy, as viewed even by an ultra-republican, he answered, his form gradually straightening as he spoke until he stood as erect as a man of twenty. The years rolled away from his virile shoulders, the light of youth blazed from his eyes, his voice grew more vibrant as he proceeded until, at the last word, it rang as a trumpet.

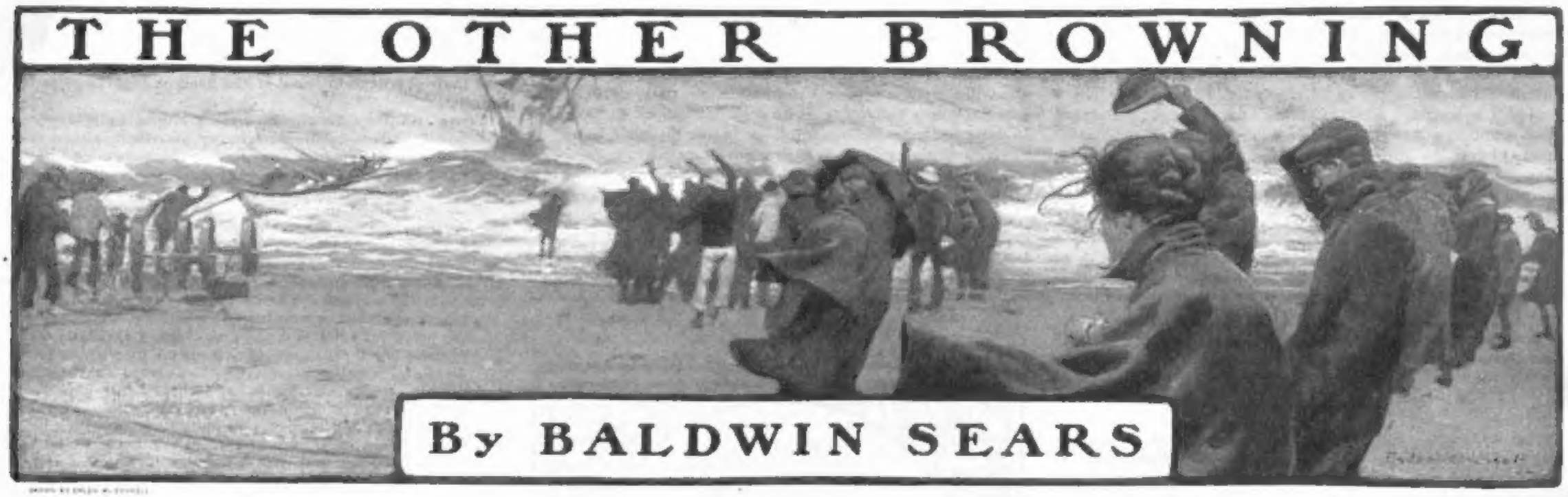
"Yes, yes!" he cried. "You are quite right about that. But, sir, you make one terrible mistake—you who refer to Russia as a state. No! no! Russia is no state; *Russia is a world!*"

It was the most illuminating as it was the most quotable single sentence I ever heard within the dominions of the Czar. There was the master word that unlocked all the complexities of Witte's statesmanship. There was laid bare the unspoken—almost unthought—aspiration of the Russian people, an aspiration so profound as to be an instinct. There spoke the determination of the virile Slav race which, despite frightful mortality due to unhygienic living and conditions, despite the fact that no Russian child but the fittest survives, is yet adding to its numbers by almost three million souls every year.

This was the voice of the soul of Russia—Russia that ever waits; Russia that is ever patient; Russia that ever advances; Russia that never hurries; Russia that looks upon other peoples as disorganized communities and dying races and considers herself the heir of all the ages; Russia that believes and feels and knows that she is not a state, but a world. "No! no! Russia is no state; *Russia is a world!*"—so exclaims the hated Procurator of the Holy Synod, and so devoutly believe the Russian people, and so plans the far-seeing, patient Russian statesman.

Thinkers, politicians, statesmen, scientists, estimating the coming conflict of nations, when putting Russia to the test of analysis should, if they would truly understand as they analyze, repeat these words of Pobedonosteff, Procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia's National Church: "*Russia is no state; Russia is a world.*"

THE OTHER BROWNING



By BALDWIN SEARS

A Study in Values. How One Girl's Heart Decided Between Conscience, Culture and Intellect; and Impulse, Hard Work and Sharp Experience

"YES," said Eastwood languidly, "the great mass of people still act on the impulse of self-preservation. It's 'Death for us all and his own life for each,' when it comes to the test."

He threw a handful of sand to the wind and looked at her for acquiescence. He had very fine eyes that, when he smiled, softened somewhat the insolence of his good looks.

Miss Wilmer threw out her hand with a little protesting movement. "Don't," she exclaimed. "You mustn't talk so." She wondered whether he, too, was thinking of Kittredge.

Eastwood laughed. "Why?" he exclaimed. "Don't you believe in speaking of certain 'Hell-deep truths because they are Hell-deep?'"

Lilian Wilmer looked down at him as he lay on the sand at her feet.

To her sensitively critical and shy nature falling in love with any man who did not come up to her ideal, intellectually and æsthetically, as well as morally, was an undreamed-of obsession.

Eastwood was everything, did everything that she admired. He crowned himself her king by making love to her in quotations from Browning. He was the only man she knew who could do it without a touch of affectation or pedantry; the thing she had longed for was perfect on his lips. He would lie there on the beach and say things in his drawling way, a smile in his eyes, his mouth grave, until Lilian felt the blood creep up from her heart and weigh her eyelids down with happiness she had dreamed of but not expected.

Eastwood groaned with mock despair at her answer. "That's a woman all over," he exclaimed; "you never will acknowledge or reckon with the unpleasant truths of human nature."

Lilian did not answer. She pulled a rusty nail from the wreck in whose shadow they were sitting and crumbled the corroded dust from its edges. Were not the unpleasant truths of which Eastwood spoke like this rust which ate from the surface inward? The core of the nail was still sound. A faint color rose to her cheeks.

"Doesn't—doesn't the other side of nature count for something?" she said bravely. "The impulse for good that a man has before he knows anything about ethics?"

"'The loving-worm-within-his-clod' theory?" quoted Eastwood a little ironically and then added with a curious look; "it depends on what the worm loves, I fancy. Love for one certain person can make a man sacrifice everything. Love for the masses——" He shrugged his shoulders. "It's a hybrid virtue, I'm afraid. It's training and not instinct that makes modern martyrs, and heroes for modern exigencies."

Lilian looked out at the sea. She wondered whether Eastwood realized that she was thinking of him also; defending to herself, against his sweeping condemnation, the quiet bravery and honor which, she felt sure, lay under all his brilliant knowledge and pretended cynicism. She was sure that he would not have thought of himself first in danger had he never read a word of poetry or ethics.

She thought that he was judging himself as harshly as he judged Kittredge when he spoke, and yet she did not think that he was quite fair to Kittredge; for how could a man like Eastwood sympathize with one who lived by such different ideals?

Lilian wanted to be fair to Kittredge because she was prejudiced in favor of Eastwood. She thought she understood him better. He was the product of culture and conscience and intellect; Kittredge, of impulse, hard work and sharp experiences.

Miss Wilmer did not know of which one of her children Wisdom would be justified, but she believed that she should be prouder of Eastwood.

How graceful his long-limbed figure was! One could not help feeling that power and strength lay under the careless ease, in those aristocratic hands that she had never seen do anything more arduous than as now while they played with the sand among the timbers of the wreck.

Lilian had come to connect the wreck with their long talks together, for it was there that they had first spoken of Browning; simultaneously thinking of those wonderful lines called "Prospice," where love and fear contend; and wondering whether it was so that sailors felt when their ship was doomed, when they saw the fatal shore through the breakers.

It was there that Kittredge saw them the day he came. He had arrived on the afternoon train, found the man he had come to see on business and then had started out to look at things a bit.

He had only a week's time at the beach before getting back to Pittsburg, and as he never traveled for pleasure alone he had acquired the habit of filling each leisure moment with snatches of it.

He had never read much either. The rise and fall of the pig-iron market leaves little margin for the cultivation of literary tastes; but it may have been for that very reason he had almost a child's joyous delight in nature. It had no sad, poetic significances for him; it was all fresh and new.

He walked a mile up the beach, as far as the life-saving station, marveled much at the countless wrecks that strewed the shore, and then, as he came back along the sand, his hat in his hand, the soft wind on his hair, he looked landward and saw Miss Wilmer and Eastwood. The girl's eyes were on the sand, but Eastwood looked straight at him until he had passed and Kittredge felt a challenge in the look.

Kittredge knew that whatever Eastwood did there could be no easy carelessness for himself. He realized that if he hoped to win there was hard work ahead for him. He knew against what odds he fought. He did not blame the girl for her preference of Eastwood; he knew well enough how much less there was in himself to attract a sensitive, susceptible woman like Lilian Wilmer than in a man like Eastwood, where knowledge was the power added to all else that he might have had. Still, he would not let what she might prefer keep him from making his strongest effort to win her preference.

It seemed to him that she and Eastwood were always sitting under that old wreck talking. There was nothing for him to do but interrupt them if he wanted to talk to her at all. And he had only three more days left before he went back to watch the pig-iron market.

When Miss Wilmer bowed to him he stopped and walked toward the wreck. "Are you having a great discussion?" he asked with the smile that made his eyes close to two narrow lines of blue, bright and curious.

Miss Wilmer, who was studying a pebble as Kittredge's shadow fell across them, smiled back and Eastwood raised himself on his elbow. "Why, yes," he said tentatively. "We were discussing Browning."

"Say, he's a fine fellow, isn't he?" Kittredge exclaimed heartily, as he seated himself beside the other two.

The girl looked up quickly, surprised and pleased.

Eastwood, too, had looked up with a change of expression.

"You like him?" he asked curiously, his eyes half closed as he studied the square, good-natured face, the solid shoulders.

"You like him?"

"Like him, that I do," answered Kittredge, looking from one to the other. "Why, did you hear of what he did once? It was the finest thing a man can do. You know, he was out in the coal regions with me——"

"Who, Browning?" demanded Eastwood, and he and Miss Wilmer opened their eyes wide and stared at Kittredge.

Kittredge reddened a little. "Why, yes," he said slowly. "He's working right in the same office with me, and we went up together. It was two years ago. Nobody knew it much because he got mad if I talked about it; but you can ask the firm if Frank Browning——"

Kittredge stopped as Eastwood broke into a laugh. "Excuse me," he said at once. "It's just the mistake we made in thinking that both of us were talking of the same man. Miss Wilmer and I were talking about Robert Browning."

"The poet, you know, Mr. Kittredge," the girl said with a sort of embarrassment that was new to her; "the man who wrote the Pied Piper, and the Ring and the Book."

"Oh," said Kittredge blankly, and his face fell a little. "I don't know him. I mean I don't know anything about him. I don't read poetry much." He stared out at the water and whistled under his breath. There was a pause while Eastwood looked at Miss Wilmer and Miss Wilmer looked at the sea. Then the girl turned toward Kittredge. "What was it that your friend did?" she asked, looking at him with sweet interest.

"Yes," added Eastwood, "I'd like to know what that other Browning did."

Kittredge, who had flushed a little at Miss Wilmer's graceful kindness, turned sharply and glanced at the other man, a curious wrinkle in his eyelids. Then he looked again at the sea; smooth, pale and uncommunicative. "It's nothing much of a story," he said slowly. "Frank and I were up in the coal region hunting a man who was trying to keep out of our way. He'd been doing some sharp work in the firm's name. Well, we thought we had placed him and started to walk to the house. It was a good distance from the station and somehow we got rather mixed up in our direction, and Browning went up to one of the little houses on the road to ask the way. I waited in the road, outside, while he knocked on the door and then opened it and went in.

"Presently he came to the door and called 'Andy.' The minute I heard his voice I knew something was up and I started for the house.

"But he stopped me. 'I wish you'd go downtown and send a doctor up here right off,' he said. 'There's a man here all alone, sick and out of his head. No, don't you come in now. Just hurry and do as I tell you, and bring the doctor back with you; it's getting late.'

"I started in to argue about it. I wasn't going off to leave a fellow like Frank, that I was about as fond of as the next one, in that wretched hole, among a lot of heathen Hungarians and Poles.

"But Frank just shut me up in his quiet way; said he'd fight it out with me after I got the doctor.

"Well, I hustled back to town and hunted one up, but by the time I'd found him it was almost dark, and then I couldn't remember just where I'd left Frank, and between one thing and another we had to wait until morning to start, and it took a lot of hunting to find that shanty, even in broad daylight.

"I wanted to rush right in first thing, but the doctor was worse than Frank and told me to sit still in the buggy and hold his horse while he went in and found out what the matter was.

"He looked mighty queer when he came out and said: 'What on earth did you let that friend of yours stay here for? The fellow inside has smallpox. He's been alone for several days and is in a serious state.'

"Well, imagine my feelings. It was days before Frank got away. They put him into the hospital and disinfected him and half cooked him before they'd let him escape.

"Frank laughed a little. He said he wasn't afraid.

"The doctor said that was why he didn't take it. Why, he'd been actually sitting on the edge of that poor wretch's bed, swabbing his head all night to quiet the fever.

"Frank always gets mad at me for speaking about it. He says he doesn't care how much of a beast that smallpox fellow was, he had no more business to go off and leave him than if he'd been the President of the United States."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Miss Wilmer said slowly: "That was a noble thing to do; a very noble thing. It was heroic. I don't wonder that you are fond of the man who did it. It's that sort of a person who sets an example to the rest of us; don't you think so, Mr. Eastwood?"

Eastwood looked around into the face above him that glowed with a pure enthusiasm and admiration unlike any he had called there through days of subtlest effort.

"Yes," he answered cordially; "I confess I admire his courage very much. I think that your man Browning and our poet would have been very good friends; don't you, Miss Lilian? He was living up to that idea you spoke of; 'And they that live as models for the mass are singly of more value than they all.'"

He was looking at her as he spoke, but Kittredge answered.

"I'd rather do what Frank did than write all the poetry your man ever dreamed of," he said bluntly.

"Would you?" answered Eastwood rather languidly. "I think I should be as willing to inspire a thousand lives to noble deeds as to save one."

"Yes," said the girl earnestly, "you mustn't forget how many people owe their best deeds to the poet's words."

Kittredge wrinkled his forehead. "Frank never reads any poetry," he said positively. "He rides horseback or plays billiards in his spare time." He pulled off his hat as he spoke and pushed his hair from his forehead. "I wish to goodness we could get a boat and go out rowing," he said, half to himself. "Just look at that beautiful smooth water and not a boat in sight—except wrecks."

"I haven't pulled a boat since I left the college crew," Eastwood said idly; "I wonder whether I've forgotten how to handle a sweep."

Kittredge was looking at him. "Did you go to college?" he asked with something like a surprised regret in his voice.

Eastwood threw a carefully aimed pebble. "Why, yes," he said. "Is that unusual?"

Kittredge laughed. "It would be to some fellows," he said, and Miss Wilmer felt instinctively that he had rebuked the fallow richness of Eastwood's life.

He left them abruptly a moment later; it had suddenly seemed a hopeless task to win the girl from a man like Eastwood.

Eastwood lifted himself on his elbow and looked after him.

"How Browning would have liked to analyze that chap," he said speculatively. "How he would have laid bare his nature—those crude emotions—emotions in lumps as it were."

Lilian was silent for a moment. Then she said absently: "Yes, he is the sort of man that you feel the shepherd-boy in Love Among the Ruins must have been: 'Shut them in with their triumphs and their glories and the rest——'" She paused.

Eastwood waited a moment for her to finish. "Love is best," he said slowly; "isn't it? Best for us all?"

Miss Wilmer picked some invisible threads from her dress. "I think we ought to be getting back," she observed. "Don't you? It's rather late."

Eastwood followed her in silence. He hated to dispel the charm of this delicious courtship by a commonplace declaration. He felt so sure of her that it was a pleasure to tantalize himself by holding her at arm's length to long for. Still, he decided to settle the matter. Kittredge was not wanting a minute, and girls, like dreams, often go by contraries.

Kittredge did not give him the opportunity he hoped for that evening; he was telling Miss Wilmer more about his friend Browning.

Eastwood lay awake that night for hours thinking of the girl he loved and of the other man who loved her.

A storm was rising, and all night long the wind grew louder and the sea poured its thundering breakers along the beach.

Eastwood did not get to sleep until near morning, and it was eleven o'clock when he went downstairs. The hotel was quite deserted, and when he went to inquire for his mail the clerk asked him whether he had heard of the wreck, and if he were not going up the beach with the rest of the household.

Eastwood thought of the morbid curiosity that had sent every one pell-mell to the scene of the tragedy. Of course Kittredge was there. Had Lilian gone with him? He would not ask; he would wait until he saw for himself.

As he left the shelter of the hotel the wind struck and nearly knocked him down. He bent his head and pressed against it. It was heavy with a blinding sleet that cut his face and carried away his breath. He dropped his cigarette without noticing it and set his mouth hard as he fought ahead. He wondered whether the sailors on the wrecked vessel had been afraid. He supposed so, poor wretches; "with the fog in their throats." How concisely Browning had expressed that fear of the death struggle.

He lifted his gaze from the welter of black water at his feet and saw through the clouds of rain the torn sails of the wreck streaming out on the wind in useless rags as the vessel hung helpless on her beam-ends across the bar.

She had struck the sand bar fully five hundred yards from shore, and from where he stood on the bluff he could look down to that part of the beach that sloped back beyond the line of the waves and see the crowd that had come up from the hotel—a confused, moving mass, gathered to watch the last struggle of the doomed ship. With a muttered exclamation of disgust he went on toward them. He had no sympathy with the idle observation of suffering.

As he broke into the circle a girl came forward swiftly and clasped his arm in both hands, the tears streaming down her cheeks as she exclaimed sobbingly: "Oh, Mr. Eastwood. Do something, make them do something to save the others. Don't let them drown." It was Miss Wilmer.

Eastwood looked at her in amazement. Never before had he seen that cold, shy reserve swept away under a storm of feeling. She was trembling all over, and her slender, ungloved hands were quite blue with cold.

Eastwood clasped them firmly in his. "My dear child," he said gently, "this is no place for you. What did you come for? You must go back with me at once."

But Lilian shook her head. "Oh, I cannot," she gasped. "I must stay until they save them. See! There is Mr. Kittredge. He is trying to help. Go and tell him you are ready, too."

"Help what? What do you mean?" Eastwood demanded curtly, looking around at the crowd that had gathered about the captain of the life-saving crew and a man who was talking to him with many swift words.

A stranger who had been looking at Eastwood and Miss Wilmer answered his question. "She means, help make up the crew," he explained with a jerk of the head toward the captain. "They tried to take the boat out but it capsized and three of the men were hurt, and the captain says he can't take it out without men enough to handle the oars. They've tried the breeches buoy but the ship rolls so that it only drowns the men while they're bringing them in. I guess they'll have to let 'em go. There's a fellow over there trying to persuade the captain to make up the crew from the crowd here. That's him now."

Eastwood turned and saw Kittredge push his way into the circle from the other side. As he advanced it seemed to him that Kittredge grew taller and stronger as he looked into the faces of the confused and helpless crowd.

"Listen a moment," he began in the clear, short tones of one used to giving orders. "The captain says he can't take his boat out to that ship because three of the crew are hurt and he hasn't men enough to pull the oars. That means that the people who are still out on the wreck have got to drown without an effort being made to save them. The life-boat may be swamped before it gets there and the whole outfit drowned, but these fellows here, the crew, are ready to go if they can get three more men to fill the places. I'm going. If any one else wants to he'll have to be quick. . . . Ah, Eastwood, I've been wishing for you for an hour. That makes only one more man needed. What, you won't come?"

The eager relief that had flashed into Kittredge's face turned slowly to an incredulous stare as Eastwood shook his head. "Thank you. I'm not a fool." His face became somewhat pale as he said it. "No boat can live five minutes in that sea," he added almost scornfully.

The other had not stopped to listen. Caught up in his willing courage, two more men had offered themselves as substitutes.

Twice Miss Wilmer, straining her eyes through the mist of rain that shrouded the beach, saw the crew run their boat down the sand and twice the breakers flung them back. Then a roaring cheer broke from the crowd as a wave caught the boat and swept it high upon its crest and out toward the next. Then it disappeared and nothing was to be seen but the cataract of water that reared itself and crashed upon the beach; again, and again, and again.

Once while they waited during what seemed hours Eastwood went up to Miss Wilmer, who had gone back to the highest point of sand and was now standing gazing out toward the wreck.

"Come home," he said gently. "Come back to the house with me. Do not stand here; you are shivering. You will be ill. And it is too terrible for you to watch."

The girl drew her arm from his touch without glancing at him. Her face, white and rigid with the icy chill of the storm, changed in expression without the movement of a feature, from an absorbed devotion intent with hope to a disdain too exquisite for words. Her eyes, dark in the pallor of her face, were fixed upon the spot where the boat had last appeared, a mote on the roaring sea. Her hair, drenched and loosened, whipped about her cheeks in unheeded disarray.

Eastwood bit his lip as he stepped back. What a fool he had been!

Suddenly the crowd cheered again. Through the telescope the life-boat had been seen to reach the wreck. People laughed and talked excitedly. Hands were stretched out for the glass, every one struggling for a glimpse of the safety that had seemed an impossible blessing.

Kittredge's name was on every tongue. His words had been repeated until every one knew them by heart. His bravery, his good looks and his success in getting the boat out under such a handicap were equally praised.

When it was seen that the boat had started back to shore the crowd made a rush for the edge of the beach and waited there in a frenzy of excitement through the long moments that followed.

As the boat rose over the crest of the last breaker and grated on the sand every man in the waiting throng ran waist-deep into the flood to help drag the rescuers to land.

Miss Wilmer and Eastwood alone had not moved. The girl still stood on the little mound at the far edge of the beach. Since Kittredge had left them she had not spoken to Eastwood; she appeared to be unconscious of his presence.

He saw her drop her hands and control herself by force as Kittredge staggered out upon the shore and stood a moment resting, then turned and looked all around. As he found what he sought Eastwood saw him smile and break from the crowd and, stumbling in his eager haste, come back across the beach to where he and the girl stood apart.

He was looking straight into the girl's face and his clear, blue eyes were shining with something that held not a touch of pride in what he had done. "You are still here," he said almost anxiously; "I've been thinking every minute since we've been gone of how I'd gone off and left you alone. I forgot to tell any one to take you home. I was so afraid something would happen to you."

Miss Wilmer had walked forward to meet him. As he held out his hand she put hers into it and looked up at him. "I was waiting for you," she said. "I didn't want to go with any one else."

And Eastwood, looking after them as they disappeared through the mist, saw Kittredge stoop and draw the girl toward him.

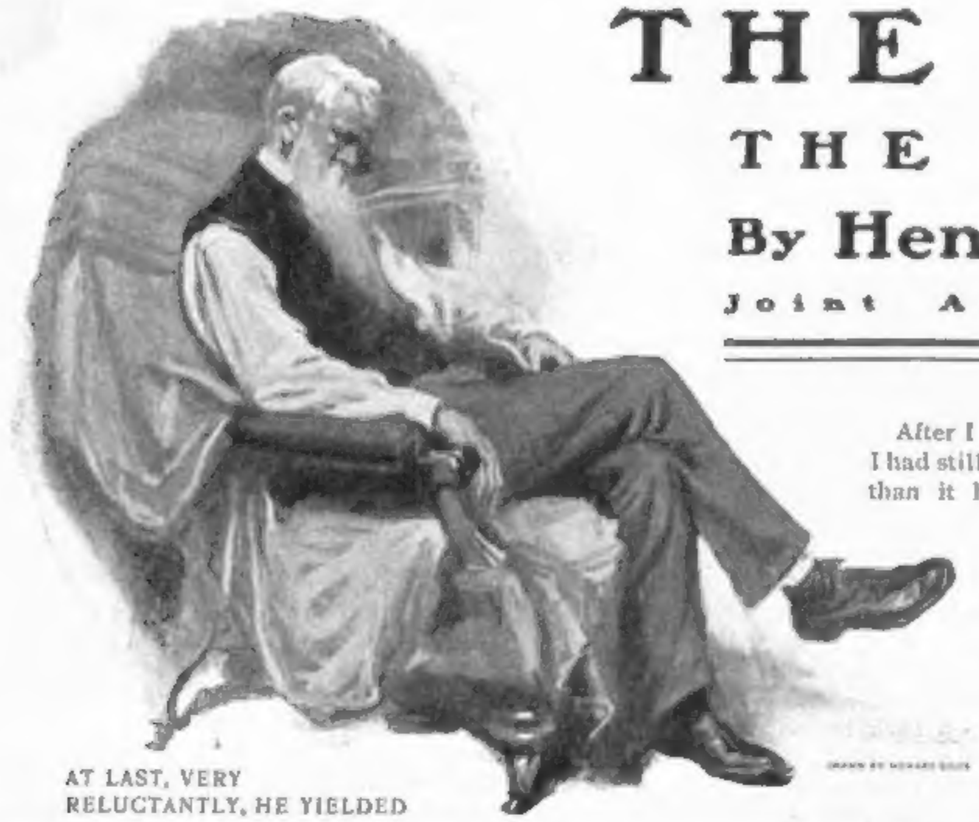
. . . SAW KITTREDGE STOOP AND DRAW THE GIRL TOWARD HIM

THE COPPER KING

THE ROMANCE OF A TRUST

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Joint Author of Calumet "K"



AT LAST, VERY RELUCTANTLY, HE YIELDED

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS—Roger Drake, the teller of the story, forms a strong friendship for George Stanley in a Western mining town, and then returns East to acquire needed technical knowledge. He and Fletcher, an electrical engineer, become friends. Drake falls in love with Adele Broughton, a relative of the Stanleys, proposes and is accepted. At that moment Stanley, returning from the West, also reaches the house, and in a few days Adele's love cools. Stanley and Drake start Westward together and begin prospecting at Red City. Near the property of Christian Jansen they find a copper deposit of enormous richness. Stanley returns East to organize a stock company. After a while Drake receives a letter from Adele, breaking the engagement. He hastens to her and finds that Stanley has become his avowed enemy and has himself been making love to Adele. Drake sells his interest in the mine to Stanley, then returns to Red City and organizes there a smelter company. He is becoming very prosperous when he is badly injured by a fall. He is taken to Jansen's home to get well and Jansen's daughter, Barget, becomes his nurse. Jansen offers him, freely, all the copper he can find on his place.

CHAPTER VII

FOR the first few days I did nothing but lie still and let the air blow over me through the wide windows. I stopped trying to keep my mind full of the present and the future; I stopped struggling with my memories, for I found I could think of those past days, of my friendship for Stanley and of my infatuation with Adele, without anger or regret, without any more emotion than if it had all belonged to a man I had read about in a story. It was as though the current had been shut off from a hot, live wire which had bound my head.

Father Jansen and Gus would come in once in a while, and would lift me around whenever it was necessary, for I was still helpless; but most of the time Barget took care of me. During the first ten days I didn't see very much even of her. I suppose if I had been really sick instead of merely disabled it might have been different; anyway, there was nothing in the least sentimental about her ministrations, no stroking of my brow or anything of that sort. She saw that I was content to be let alone, and she appeared only when there was something she could do. But I knew all the time that she was somewhere about, within call, and that it really pleased her to be of service to me. Often I would hear her singing softly to herself, or playing on her piano, quaint little melodies like none I had ever heard; but even when she was silent it made me feel more contented just to know that she was not far off.

All through those days father Jansen's offer of the copper which might be lying in the cliffs opposite the Croesus was hardly in my thoughts at all. How I could have lain still, and have been contented to lie still, with a possibility like that unexplored before me, is something that to this day I can't understand, but it is true that I did. It wasn't exactly forgotten; it seemed to be submerged away down in the unconscious part of my mind, somewhere, and now and then it would float up to the surface. But I was too lazy to consider it and would send it down out of sight again, saying to myself that it wasn't necessary to think about that yet.

That mood lasted perhaps a week, and then, one morning, I found myself wide awake and anxious to do something. So I called up Jansen's offer, and began to think it over. He had told me, you remember, that whatever mineral wealth lay under his land down in the gorge was mine for the seeking. I was almost sure that it was very great, but, of course, I had no idea how enormously great it was, and I won't pretend that I wasn't tempted to take him at his word.

It is in such times that I envy a man like Fletcher. To him the question how far it was right to accept Jansen's generosity would have been as easily solved as a simple quadratic equation, and he would no more have hesitated over his solution of one than the other. But with me, and I think with most ordinary business men, it is different. I argued with myself all day before I could be sure that the proposition I meant to make to Jansen was a square one.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

After I had decided what would be a fair division, I had still to make him agree to it, and that was harder than it had been to make up my own mind. He seemed to feel that any agreement such as I suggested put the smirch of commerce upon his gift, and at first he almost refused to listen to me.

"You are kinder than any other friend I have ever had," said I. "When I shall have taken every opportunity that ever comes to me to be of service to you and yours, I shall still be under a greater obligation to you than I can calculate. I'm not trying to get you to take a commercial equivalent for your gift to me. The only pay I shall ever offer you for that is thanks. But I'm asking you as a favor to me that you put your gift in such form that I can accept it."

We went over the same ground several times, and at last, fairly in my last ditch, I said that I couldn't go ahead at all, couldn't even begin to drill, unless he'd agree to some such arrangement as I had outlined, which should turn any strike I might make to his profit as well as to mine.

He smoked two or three pipes over it without a word, and at last, very reluctantly, he yielded.

Then, offhand, I made a suggestion which, on reflection, I almost wished unsaid, though the event proved it a good one for all of us concerned: it was that under my direction the enterprise should be intrusted to Gus. He had really picked up a good deal of practical knowledge of such matters over at the Crœsus while I was in charge there, and he wasn't entirely without more systematic instruction either, for I had loaned him some good text books, and as I found out afterward he had made good use of them. Then, too, he had the knack for such things born in him, and that made up for what he lacked in experience.

Besides pleasing him the prospect pleased his father and Barget exceedingly, but I hadn't acted wholly unselfishly; in fact that was right along the line of the policy which I had been following consistently, of masking my batteries. I wasn't ready yet to have Stanley know just how strong I was. I didn't fear any longer that he could make good his boast that he would run me out of town; I was pretty sure that if it came to a fight I could hold my own against him. But what I hoped was that I might be able to stay tolerably inconspicuous until I was strong enough to be let alone. With Gus in charge of the new mine my connection wouldn't be remarked, no matter how sensational a strike we might make.

The new project threw all the family into a pleasant bustle of excitement. At first we planned not to start until I was able to get about and look over the land a little, but we soon found that our patience wasn't equal to that test. Accordingly it was arranged that Gus should go down to Red City to get such an outfit as was necessary for making a start, and that as soon as possible afterward the preliminary drilling should begin. All this involved an almost endless amount of talking, of going over uncountable details, and then going over them again, and the more we talked the more absorbingly interesting the matter grew, until we couldn't think or even dream of anything else. Barget was nearly always present at these consultations, though what she could find to interest her amid the technical mazes of our talk I couldn't imagine.

She didn't seem to care to have it explained to her, and indeed whenever I tried to do so she checked me, saying she liked it better when she could make her own guesses at what it meant. She always sat close beside her father, holding one of his big hands, her eyes on her brother, or at least never, when I was looking at her, on me.

With the passing of the period of talk and the beginning of the active work, my usefulness was, for the time being, over. I found it pretty hard to reconcile myself to this order of things, for my mind would not return to that beatific state of vacancy which it had enjoyed at first. The old troubles did not come back to harass me, my memories did not begin hurting me again, and indeed I couldn't be sure what it was that made me restless, but it was something, sure enough, or the lack of something.

I was reading one morning—I remember it was a new monograph on pyritic smelting—and though I ought to have been keenly interested in it, and though I tried to persuade myself that I was, in reality it was extremely tiresome. After a while Barget came in.

"Would you like me to read to you?" she asked. "The book must be heavy when you have only one hand to hold it."

I thought perhaps that was why I had found it tiresome, and I yielded it to her readily, but I was in no hurry for her to begin reading. I told her she would find it pretty dull work, but she smiled and said she shouldn't mind, and then without any delay she began to read from where I had left off.

I had always experienced a little sensation of pleasure whenever I heard her speak, but I had never stopped to think why this was so. Now I realized that hers was the most beautiful, the most perfectly modulated voice that I had ever heard. It was something like her father's, it was a little like Fletcher's, but still it was like no other voice in the world.

I was no longer restless. I settled back in the pillows and listened and watched her as she frowned and stumbled a little over the many-jointed words. I listened, but I wasn't learning much about pyritic smelting.

After a while she stopped, and looking up found my eyes upon her. "I was afraid you weren't listening," she said.

I had fallen into a sort of day-dream, of Barget and her goldenrod, the goldenrod which she loved, and which seemed, somehow, to belong to her. I knew my face had pleaded guilty so I did not deny her accusation. "I don't believe I'm in the mood for that sort of thing to-day," I said.

She would have gone away then, but I asked her to stay. "Not if you have anything else to do," I added. "Only if you meant to sew or read or anything of that sort, couldn't you do it in here? Then if we feel like talking we can talk, but otherwise we needn't. It's pleasant to have somebody near by."

I don't know whether I can claim that that "somebody" was honest or not. Of course it was Barget I liked to have near by, and if any one else had come in her stead I should have had to retract the word, to myself anyway. But there was no one else, and she agreed with me that it was pleasant to be with people if you didn't have to try to entertain each other. So for the present we were safe with our generalities and they worked very well indeed.

She used sometimes to bring in her book or her mending or whatever her occupation for the hour might be, and as the days went by she came oftener and stayed longer, until at last we were together nearly all the time. She always sat by one of the western windows, and often her work or her book would drop in her lap and her face turn to the autumn glory of the hills; and I would lie almost breathless lest a sound should call her back, watching her radiant face. Her happiness in the goldenrod, the sunsets, the trees, the river, was never expressed in words or smiles, but it seemed sometimes that her face was really luminous, as though the lamp of her soul were burning brighter. I remembered what Fletcher had once said about Adele Broughton's beauty; that it was literal, and that it could be transcribed line for line with a brush. I knew now what he meant.

We talked a good deal, too, and more as the time went on, and once we were started it was surprising how easy we found it to run on, inconsequently, without restraint, as old friends do.

Meanwhile Gus had come back from Red City with a diamond-drill and the rest of the outfit, and had started in to look for copper. He told me afterward that he began to expect to find something before he had been drilling an hour, and that he had quite given up hope of getting anything before the end of the second day. As a matter of fact, it was a long time before we struck. My own confidence wasn't severely shaken, though 'll admit I grew pretty impatient to be out and in charge of the experiment myself.

But we found it at last. It was a day which for more reasons than one I shall never forget. It was, to begin with, the day when my patience with prospecting at second-hand or by hearsay gave out. I told Gus before he started off in the morning that after dinner I meant to go up with him and have a look at the place. Barget and her father smiled indulgently at that until they saw I meant it; then they became very serious, and protested vigorously. For two or three days I had been just barely out of bed; I had hobbled as far as the dining-room table, so of course even I didn't contemplate walking. But I said if they would get out the litter on which they had brought me from Red City, and could find four men to carry it, there was no reason in the world why I shouldn't go. Barget at once pointed out that going up or down the steep, rough path which led to the scene of operations would involve grave danger of a spill, and that even a little fall would probably have serious consequences. There was something in that, but I made light of the objection, saying that my arms were now as good as anybody's, and I ought to be able to hang on even if we did tip a little, and I was so determined about it that at last they agreed.

But the event made all our argument unnecessary. We always had dinner at half past twelve, and it was one of father Jansen's foibles that every one should be at hand punctually

at the time. So when the hour came and Gus failed to come with it, we wondered a little. We waited for fifteen minutes and then father Jansen told one of the men to ride out to him and see what the reason was. Another quarter of an hour and the man came back bringing word from Gus that he would be down before long

"Was that all he said? Didn't he give any reason?"

The man, like most of the laborers on the farm, was a Swede, and his English was still fragmentary. We were all questioning at once and he could make nothing of it all. At last father Jansen motioned us to silence and began questioning him in his own language, but without getting any satisfaction whatever

All this took place at the front door, whither we had repaired when we heard him riding up the gravel path. After Jansen had dismissed the man we still stood in the doorway, straining our eyes down the road. And all because Gus was a little late to dinner!

A minute or two later Barget made out somebody scrambling down the lower part of the path, and presently we all saw him turn up the road to the house. As he came nearer we saw it was Gus, and, more than that, Gus in an unusually excited frame of mind. He was running, and when he saw us in the doorway he waved his hat. Evidently he hadn't breath enough to shout

"He has found it," said father Jansen.

"He thinks he has, anyway," said I. "Maybe something has fooled him."

But there was no doubt about it after I saw the sample he had brought with him. It was, apparently, nearly pure chalcocite, or copper glance.

We shook hands all around, and when Gus had got his breath he told us about it. Somewhere about eleven o'clock he had struck into a decomposed slaty gangue totally different from what he had been drilling through the past weeks. When he saw that, he said, he made up his mind to get through it and find what was under it before he went to dinner, even if he weren't to go to dinner till the middle of next week

The dinner was waiting for him now, however, so Barget and I went back into the dining-room with him and watched him eat it. We sat about rather silently, for we were all too excited to talk in anything but interjections. They wanted me to say whether I thought it a good strike or not, but of course I couldn't tell anything about that. "If there's much of that kind of ore," I said, "it's a wonderfully rich mine It's all a question of quantity now."

"I'm glad you found it to day," said Barget, with a little emphasis on the last word.

"To-day?" said Gus. "To-day? Why, it's your birthday!"

She nodded affirmatively when I turned to her, but she flushed a little "I didn't mean that," she said

"Well, I'm glad," put in Gus frankly, "because if I hadn't found it to-day it wouldn't have been me that found it."

I turned to Barget again, smiling, for I supposed that had been her reason, too. But she colored higher than before, and shook her head. "That wasn't what I meant either, exactly." She hesitated a second, and then, as if impatient with herself for having made so much of the matter, she said—to Gus.

"I didn't want Mr. Drake to go up there this afternoon; I thought he was likely to have a fall and hurt himself badly, and that it would be foolish of him to try. So I am glad he hasn't anything to go for."

Father Jansen came in just as Gus announced that he was going back to drill through the lode in order to be able to report to me how thick it was, and the old gentleman said he would go along with him to look on. They went off arm in arm—so they always walked together—and Barget and I stood in the doorway and watched them down the path.

"They've run off and left us without even a 'by your leave,'" said I. "Let's retaliate on them by having a birthday party."

She nodded enthusiastically. "We'll have it out doors, won't we? Don't you think you could if you were all wrapped up?"

I laughed at her. "All wrapped up, like an invalid?" said I "I'm as fit as you are, all but my right leg."

Then she thought of something better. "Could we go for a row? Just a little way up the river and back, and I'd be very careful of you."

Ah, Barget, Barget, it isn't the chalcocite that Gus pulled up in his drill which puts that day among the days I can never forget.

Two men carried me down to the little skiff in a kitchen chair, Barget following along with an armful of blankets and cushions. They bundled me up in the blankets like an Indian papoose, and then stowed me gingerly in the stern, I protesting vigorously but ineffectually, for the men obeyed Barget to the letter. The tiller lines lay beside me, but she said I needn't bother to steer for she knew the river backward. One of the men pushed off; she shipped her long, light oars, and I, lying idly in my place, watched the water churning about them under the stroke, and the sunlight flashing from them on the feather.

"You row well," I commented.

"I ought to," she answered briefly. "Ole taught me." He was an old broken-down sailorman whom her father had rescued long ago, and who never afterward left him. He had superintended the aquatic part of her education. She needed her strength and skill to-day, for the wind was blowing freshly down the river, aiding the current, itself no mean antagonist After a while I noticed that she was out of breath, and I suggested that we turn back, but she laughed and shook her head "I'm taking you somewhere," she said. "It's not much farther

It was at the head of her father's valley, where the cliffs which bound his little domain draw together again. There is a little cove under the north bank and the cliff behind it rises less precipitously than elsewhere, and in three distinct terraces

"My summer house is there," said Barget, indicating the lowest of them. "Do you think I could lift you out? I could if you helped a little. And it's such a happy little place."

We tried it, and with a little engineering, succeeded Once out of the boat it was easy, for it wasn't far, and with one arm across Barget's shoulders and a stick in the other hand I got on very well

The place was a grassy little plateau where the wind didn't blow, and the afternoon sun shone warm. An old oak tree, its

IN AN INSTANT I UNDERSTOOD

tattered foliage already turned brown, stood in the middle, and surrounding it were a few bushes flaming with the colors of the frost. That was Barget's summer house, and there we spent the afternoon. She had brought a book for each of us—mine was the monograph on pyritic smelting—and a couple of hastily constructed sandwiches, so our resources were indefinite

Barget amused herself with a dozen occupations. She gathered the last of the goldenrod and the thistles to carry home; when the sun sank lower she brought in an armful of dead branches and skilfully kindled a fire on a big flat stone which had evidently served the purpose before. She stretched out luxuriously on the grass and read her book, and at intervals she talked to me. I had thought before that I knew her pretty well, but this was a new Barget. She talked to me as though I were but a sort of outlying part of herself; queer little fancies ventured shyly out at first, but afterward more boldly, sounding strangely enough to the man I knew myself to be, but finding in me a new chord which understood and echoed them

But if Barget was simply herself in this little summer house of hers, the place or the time seemed to cast a spell over me. I neither read nor talked. I watched the shadows lengthen and the face of the river grow brighter as the sunbeams struck it more aslant, but never for long at a time, for my gaze always went back to Barget; to her boyish face with the deep, deep blue eyes, to her sturdy athletic figure, clad fittingly enough somehow in a shabby shooting coat with infinite pockets, and a pair of rubber boots.

High up in the sky, and stretching down toward the horizon was a great array of fleecy cirrus clouds, snowy white until the sun sank low enough to set them all aglow. I lay and looked at them, and when I turned to her I saw that her eyes were on them, too.

"What does it make you think of, Barget?" I asked.

"Of battalions and legions and armies of angels marching," she said, and then quoted softly

"'And the Choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky,
Alleluia!'

"Don't you wish we could hear them sing?" she asked.

She lay quietly a while longer, then she rose, slipped the two books into her pockets and, coming over to me, held out both her hands

In an instant I understood. I had forgotten that I was lame, she meant only that we must be going back and had come to help me get to my feet. But just in that instant, as she stood before me holding out her hands, my heart gave a great leap of joy. I knew, I knew now what it meant.

She had me get into the bow of the skiff going home, while she sat high in the stern and paddled us down the current with an oar, Indian fashion. She was silent now, too, and her face seemed a little troubled.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked me, at last.

"I have the name for the mine, Barget," said I. "It's the Birthday."

"The Birthday?" she said. "Because it's my birthday?"

"Yes," said I; "because it's yours." But something else had been born that day, that very day.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mr. Dooley's Delinquency

By Robert Barr

A WELL-KNOWN American publisher, for a week in London at the time, once expressed a wish to meet Stephen Crane and Peter F Dunne, the celebrated Mr Dooley. I invited him to lunch with me that day week at my club, when I promised to produce both Crane and Dunne, if they were available. Stephen Crane lived down in Sussex, and Dooley had chambers in town. I wrote and invited both to luncheon to meet a prominent countryman. Neither man replied, and getting anxious as the time approached I telegraphed to Crane on the morning of the luncheon, and went into London to find Dooley. Dooley was not in his rooms, but the caretaker told me he had been summoned to Edinburgh that morning. Maledicting him for leaving no message for me, I went to the club expecting a telegram from Crane, but there was none. When my guest of honor arrived I didn't know exactly what to say, but we sat together in the big bay window overlooking St. James' Street until the last minute, and then I had to begin my apologies.

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear sir, but our friend Dunne was called off to Scotland this morning, most unexpectedly. He deeply regretted the circumstance, but the call was of such a nature that he could not rightly refuse—a sort of—sort of—prior engagement, you know, and he asked me to express—to tell you that he hoped—ah—later to have the pleasure—you know what I mean."

He kindly admitted that he knew what I meant, which I fear was more than I did myself at the moment, and then he inquired if Crane also was missing

"Crane," said I, "is very fond of Continental travel, and at this moment he is in Brittany. But I think he will be back before you leave London and I'll lure him up to the club." As I spoke I noticed the respectful waiter standing like a statue waiting for me to finish my harangue.

"Have you a telegram?" I asked

"Mr. Peter Dunne, sir, wishes to see you in the hall."

Without a word I tottered after the waiter, to be confronted by the smoothly shaven face of the imperturbable Dooley.

"You thief of the world," I cried, "why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

"Is luncheon over?" he asked with concern. "Didn't you say half-past one? I thought I wrote you I was coming."

"You didn't, and your man said you had gone to Edinburgh."

"That's to-morrow. Have you been perjuring yourself?"

"Yes; knee deep. Come in and help me out of it."

I introduced the gentlemen, and Dooley said that, thanks to much telegraphing, he had got off his Edinburgh engagement. Then I explained Crane's absence to Dooley, and just as I executed a brilliant finish the waiter came up and said: "Mr. Stephen Crane is waiting for you in the hall, sir!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

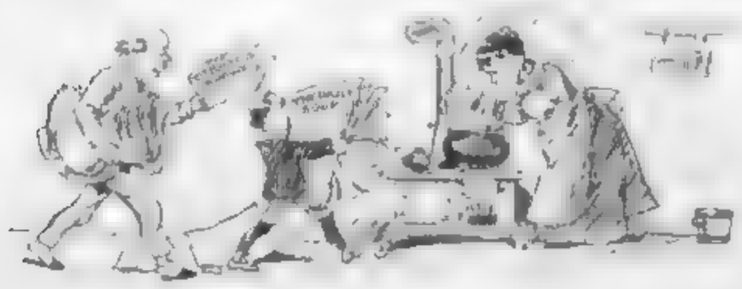
The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

A Sunday Dinner for a Nickel

THE new journalism, in spite of all its boasted progressiveness in supplying novelties to its readers, is really not at all speedy in realizing its opportunities. Take, for instance, the way in which the natural outgrowth of the paint box or magic color sheets has been overlooked. These pages, it will be recalled, supply blank outline pictures and little dabs of various colors which, when moistened, serve in a way the same purpose as blocks of paint, though they are harder for the child to eat. Another form of this page gives monochrome pictures which when soaked (or licked with the tongue) burst forth on the astonished gaze in multi tinted glory. The tongue, by the way, does admirably, and many tenement families have found these pictures quite nourishing for the babies, and the death rate doubtless has been lowered thereby.

Now, from the reaction of such art to that of domestic science is but a step, and yet the Sunday "yellows" have failed entirely to appreciate this line of public utility. What would be easier than for the "Foiled" or the "Diurnal" to get out a really nourishing edition or a sort of a dispensary issue? For example, would anything be simpler than to print the picture of a soup bone with extracts of beef and vegetables instead of ink? The family buying the paper could thereupon boil the page and make a nutritious dish of consommé for the entire household at a most reasonable cost. The soups could be varied from time to time—turtle, chicken, oyster, celery, cream of asparagus, and what not else—all giving excuse for beautiful illustration. Again, the paper could get out a sheet on rice paper properly impregnated with baking powder and illustrated with luscious griddle cakes. All that would be necessary would be to soak this sheet, cut it out—an amusement for the children—and fry it on a fire made out of the rest of the paper. In the spare corners, pictures tinted with chocolate or coffee extract would supply necessary beverages when properly steeped in hot water. To supply seasoning, pepper could be used instead of periods in the directions. These are but a few of the dishes which would lend themselves to this type of journalism.

In other departments of the household the work of the newspaper could be extended widely. A soap paper could be printed for the laundry; a sticky fly-paper edition for the kitchen, as well as a coal-oil-impregnated sheet for the cook to use in explosions; a flower seed supplement might be added for the garden, and this would lead to burying these papers—not a bad idea, even if nothing sprouts.



In the nursery and sick room the paper could be made most effective Imagine the benefits of a cough syrup bottle pictured by means of some good mixture! One lick and a cold is cured. Tonics, quinine, flavoring extracts, medicinal teas and many other things could be provided in attractive form. The white page and blue page would make a literary Seidlitz powder. A yellow page would do for a mustard plaster, a black page for court plaster, and so on *ad infinitum*. It is a great scheme and one admitting of many variations, but the new journalism is pretty slow after all. Still, here's the suggestion—free for the benefit of the 15,000,000 subscribers of each.

The Summer Life of Americans

ONE of the most interesting features of our modern American life is the development and growth of the summer resort. In places where, a few years ago, there were but two or three summer hotels, there are now two or three dozen. For the hundreds who, ten years ago, left home for a summer outing, there are now thousands

Men who owned desolate little bits of land, half sand and half water, along the seacoast, have sold for five thousand dollars what they purchased for fifty. The seaside resorts are no longer little collections of cottages, but have become large cities, with mayors, fire departments and police. Mountain resorts to which, ten years ago, a few of the boldest flocked for hilly tramps, country board and quiet life, are now the centres of groups of enormous hotels.

And in all this there are distinctly gratifying features.

One is, that the moderately well to do, as well as the very rich, are partakers of this summering enjoyment. The summer homes of the wealthy and the expensive hotels have not driven out all of the farmhouses and boarding houses and hotels where a moderately-filled purse will pay the expenses of a fortnight's outing. Most of the railroads which run into the popular resort districts furnish lists of moderate-priced stopping places. Hundreds of thousands of the fairly well-to-do enjoy the healthful delights of the country

Another source of gratification is that the general movement toward the country—a movement spreading throughout the entire land—shows that, as a people, the Americans are coming to realize that life should not be entirely devoted to money-making, that harassed nerves should have a time of rest; that we are becoming a wiser, as well as an older, nation.

And while those of the cities are flocking for recreation to the wilderness and the country, those of the small towns and of the country are more and more flocking for a vacation time to the cities. Thus it is that the summer habit is influencing and improving all sections of the country and all classes.

After a Thousand Years

WHEN a building collapses the natural impulse is to lay the blame on the contractor. Fortunately for his comfort the contractor that built the Campanile at Venice is dead. It is doubtful even whether anything could be recovered from his bondsmen. And, after all, perhaps that contractor ought not to be put in the Buddensieck class. His work has lasted a thousand years, which is doing pretty well for a brick and stone tower 322 feet high resting on a foundation of white poplar piles and squared oak logs. When that wooden underpinning was examined seventeen years ago it was said to be in perfect condition, but a little decay might be excusable after ten centuries

How many of the present buildings in America will be standing a thousand years from now? Probably the Washington Monument; perhaps the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge; possibly the National Capitol and the Library of Congress. Will the Public Buildings at Philadelphia, the Capitol at Albany, or the Auditorium at Chicago? Probably not. Time might spare them, but advancing taste is likely to be less merciful.

Most buildings in America are like a boy's boots. They are not made to last, for no matter how fragile they may be they will not be worn out before they are outgrown. The Pabst Hotel in New York was built less than four years ago, and they are tearing it down already to make room for a twenty-story flatiron sky-scraper. That might last a century if it were left to stand until it fell down, but it will probably be cleared out of the way for something else within fifty years.

The fact that our greatest buildings are wrapped around steel skeletons is sufficient proof that we are not planning for future centuries. A steel frame may last fairly well for fifty years, but rust, vibration and electrolysis are pretty certain to finish it in less than a hundred.

But Europe is speckled all over with buildings that have stood from a thousand to three thousand years, and the fact that there are not fifty times as many as there are is due not to the passage of the centuries but to the deliberate destructiveness of man. The Coliseum would still be as perfect as it was eighteen hundred years ago if the Romans of the Middle Ages had not quarried the stone for their robber dens from its mountainous walls, and it was not the storms of twenty-three centuries but the powder barrels of the Venetians and the crowbars of Elgin's looters that made the Parthenon a wreck.

Really the fate that has befallen the Campanile of Venice is hardly less remarkable than the tower itself. They had not learned the art a thousand years ago of putting up buildings to fall down. The things they built then stayed until an earthquake or a gang of human wreckers came along, and in the absence of such enemies they are standing yet. Even the Leaning Tower of Pisa, with the tremendous force of gravitation, the safeguard of most buildings, tugging hour after hour, day after day and century after century at its thirteen-foot overhang, still defies time and the laws of Nature. When a straight tower from the hands of those old builders falls at the infantile age of a thousand years there is some special cause for the phenomenon. It might be poplar piles, or oak logs, or a landslip in a canal, but, whatever it is, the Venetians who cursed the officials for not taking better precautions know that it demands explanation, and that the little lapse of ten centuries is no excuse.

Post Readers on Trusts

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

The trust question is a very complicated one. Corporations are being protected under laws of the several States. The old question of "State Rights" is being used to shield the trusts and makes it impossible to regulate them.

Can they be regulated and controlled? Yes, if the States will surrender all of their rights to the General Government There should be a Department of Corporations established, with a Cabinet officer at its head. This Department would issue all charters and enforce all laws enacted by Congress for the control of corporations. The Department should have power to cancel charters and clear up the business of corporations that do not comply with the laws.

Topeka, Kansas. G. H. M

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

If competition is checked by any combination, healthy public sentiment, faithful legislators, and honest public officials can remove the check. The world being the field of the commercial combiner, tariff reduction would mean simply reducing the wages of Americans. Competition might be encouraged with subsidies, and, again, by compelling commercial combinations, which shirk tax-paying, to state annually the price they would sell out for in the ensuing year to any bidder. J. McC.

Philadelphia.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

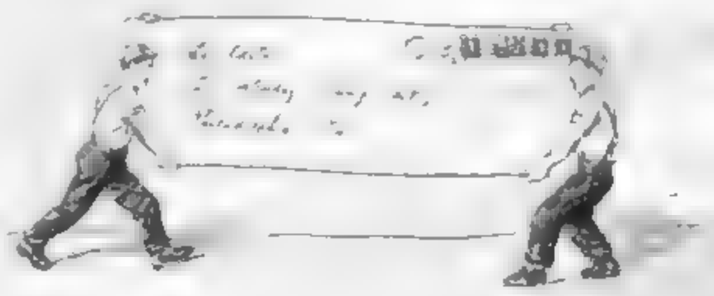
Your statement, "The man who catches the fish seldom allows any credit to the man who baited the hook," is applicable to the trust question. The fisherman represents the trust; his hook, the customary system of consolidation and economy; the bait, the industry or business involved; the fish, the patronage of the public; and the man who baits the hook, the poorly-paid clerks and laborers. "The man who baited the hook," being largely responsible for landing the fish, should receive greater recognition than is now accorded him, to which end legislation regulating the formation and operation of trusts is necessary. F. J. C.

St. Louis, Missouri.

To the Editor of The Saturday Evening Post:

I can see but one remedy for the trust evil—State laws. My State has examiners for the State banks. Large corporations can do as much harm as banks. Why cannot the different States have examiners to look into the business methods of the trusts? The trusts should be made to publish semi-annually sworn statements of their condition, this law to apply only to corporations having over one hundred thousand dollars capital. P. E. B.

New Orleans, Louisiana.



MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Miniatures of Four Men Who Have Cut the Continent in Halves

MR. A. J. CASSATT

MR. G. H. DANIELS

WHEN the New York Central and Pennsylvania Roads sent out their new twenty-hour limited trains from New York to Chicago the climax was reached in America of swift and luxurious travel that has amazed the world. The newspapers have been full of these new trains, but nothing has been written of the men who made them possible, of the forces that brought about overnight the cutting down of the regular schedule between the Eastern and the Western metropolis by four hours. The men to whom credit primarily belongs are W. H. Newman, President of the New York Central; Alexander J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad; and J. R. Wood and George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agents respectively of the Pennsylvania and the Central

The first twenty-hour train ever run between New York and Chicago was the direct outcome of the efforts of Mr Daniels. He joined the staff of the New York Central Road in 1889 and from the outset inaugurated a new system for attracting business. It was not long before he was known as the Great American Advertiser. Several months before the World's Fair opened at Chicago he made up his mind that there was a great chance for the New York Central to distinguish itself. His idea was simply that the New York Central put on an "Exposition flyer" to make the trips between New York and Chicago in twenty hours. Mr. Daniels advanced the proposition as an advertising device pure and simple But to every one's amazement the train became one of the most profitable ever run by the New York Central.

By agreement with the Pennsylvania an excess fare of $6.00 was charged, and the train was taken off the day the Exposition closed. Up to that time the fastest running time between New York and Chicago had been twenty-four hours, this being the schedule of the Pennsylvania and New York Central "limited" trains. The first "limited" was run in 1881.

The Campaign Against the Central

Mr. Cassatt, who had entered the employ of the Pennsylvania in 1861 as an under-surveyor, had worked steadily upward until he became the First Vice-President in 1880, and the general executive head of the road. The Pennsylvania had been steadily securing control of connecting roads, the final step being the acquisition of the Fort Wayne, which gave it a through line from New York to Chicago.

The Pennsylvania's only serious rival, then as now, was the New York Central, of which William H. Vanderbilt was President. Mr. Vanderbilt, feeling secure in the fact that his road was the only one that entered the heart of New York City, took a great many things for granted, among others that people would travel by the New York Central anyway, no matter what the management did or didn't do. He, therefore, attached very little importance to the manœuvres of the Pennsylvania. Mr. Cassatt, quite content that this should be so, inaugurated his campaign by securing the services of J. R. Wood as General Passenger Agent.

Mr. Wood had built up a great reputation as a hustler out in Chicago, where from '78 to '81 he served as General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy. His first suggestion was that the then running time of twenty-nine hours ought to be cut down by at least five hours. Mr. Cassatt accepted this idea and the "limited," with a running time of twenty-four hours, was born.

The Central ignored this new standard for several years Finally, however, seeing its Chicago passenger traffic cut into more and more, it also put on a twenty-four hour "limited" in connection with the Lake Shore There was no further talk of cutting time until Mr Daniels advanced his proposition in 1893

Mr Daniels is probably the most picturesque figure in railroad life to-day He was originally a pilot, but after the war drifted into the railroad business and advanced from place to place until 1889, when he was made the General Passenger Agent of the New York Central

He is short and stoutish and the embodiment of good nature A pair of sharp, bright eyes beam over round and fresh-colored cheeks. The owner of the eyes is fifty-nine years old, but no one would ever dream it except for the snow-white bunch of beard that hangs from the chin.

The Pennsylvania's General Passenger Agent is about as different from that of the New York Central as two men can well be. He is thin and tall. His manner is reserved and his face almost ascetic, though his intimate friends say that he knows as well as any man how to enjoy a good dinner.

He gets his results through great executive skill and organizing ability, and he works his assistants, whether they are in London or Bombay or San Francisco or New York, with as much skill as that with which any general handles his forces Nor does he rely entirely upon his assistants. He is never too busy to see any person who comes with a promise of business for the Pennsylvania, and on these occasions he can wax as warm and cordial as the most urbane. When his face lights up he looks not unlike the brilliant Mr. Choate, our Ambassador to England. Mr. Wood is a New Yorker, born at Auburn in 1843.

The Man with a $50,000,000 Idea

The Presidents of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania are as different in make-up as are their General Passenger Agents. Mr. Cassatt is essentially a builder and developer, while Mr. Newman is an operator—the greatest operator in the railroad world to day, some of his admirers assert. Mr Cassatt was born of well-to-do parents in Pittsburg, his father being a banker. After a liberal education he entered the employ of the Pennsylvania at the outbreak of the Civil War He was then twenty-two years old. Though he began as a rodman and had no especial influence, he jumped from place to place until, in 1872, when he was only thirty-two years old, he was made General Manager of the entire Pennsylvania system. For twelve years he continued in the work, building up a reputation and a fortune. Then, to the amazement of every one, he resigned. Offers came to him from a dozen great railroad properties to assume their direction, but he declined them all. For seventeen years he led a life comparatively free from responsibility. Still a director of the Pennsylvania, he yet took little other active part in railroad affairs

When President Frank Thompson of the Pennsylvania died, in 1899, Mr. Cassatt was unanimously elected to fill the place He accepted with much reluctance, but, once in the office, he went at the work with characteristic energy, and effected purchases in the East and South and West as a result of which the Pennsylvania now controls large stretches of territory where before it was barely tolerated.

Recently he perfected plans for what is conceded to be the greatest improvement undertaken by any railroad in the world. This is the building of the proposed underground tunnel and station at New York City. The contemplated improvement will cost about fifty million dollars, and will put the Pennsylvania on an equality with the New York Central so far as terminal facilities are concerned

The Mule Service of a President

Mr. Newman began life as a hotel clerk. He was holding down the desk of the United States Hotel in Louisville, Kentucky, when his chance came to enter railroad work Colonel R. B. Hall, a Louisville capitalist, was one of the owners of the hotel. Shortly after young Newman was installed behind the desk of the United States, Colonel Hall was elected President of the Texas Pacific Railroad. The headquarters of the President were at Shreveport, Louisiana He took young Newman along and made him Station Agent at Shreveport. The salary was small, but the young man soon saw opportunities for increasing it. He found that there was no trucking system of any kind known in Shreveport. Young Newman introduced a wagon and mule and soon built up a flourishing trade, delivering freight that he handled as Station Agent.

His energy brought him to the attention of the management and the position of General Freight Agent of the Texas Pacific was offered him in recognition of his ability. He accepted this place and held it for eleven years. Then Jay Gould acquired control of the Texas Pacific and connecting roads, and proceeded to reorganize and consolidate the administrations. By and by he reached Mr. Newman's office and sent for that gentleman. Mr. Gould told Mr Newman that his office would probably be abolished, but that he could no doubt find a place elsewhere in the system, though perhaps at not so high a salary. Mr Newman listened quietly. His salary at that time was perhaps in the neighborhood of three or four thousand dollars. When the magnate had finished the young railroad man said calmly

The Man Who Would Not be Abolished

"Your conclusion fits in with plans that I had made. I have determined to leave the railroad business for commercial pursuits. The only thing that could induce me to stay would be the doubling of my present salary."

This way of taking notice of a proposed reduction in salary struck Mr. Gould's fancy. He inquired more closely into Mr. Newman's record. As a result Mr. Newman not only remained, but his salary was doubled as requested, and in June, 1883, he was made Traffic Manager of the entire Gould or Southwestern systems in Louisiana. After two years in this place he had given so good an account of himself that Mr. Gould made him General Traffic Manager of the Missouri Pacific system, and eventually he was made Vice-President

Later, when James J. Hill was pushing the Great Northern into new territory toward the Pacific, he turned to Newman as the man who could secure and handle traffic for the new road A very much larger salary than Mr. Newman was then getting was offered and accepted.

When President Callaway left the Lake Shore to assume the Presidency of the New York Central, W. K. Vanderbilt, who had met Mr. Newman a number of times, offered him the vacant post. He built up the Lake Shore business to such an extent that when Mr. Callaway left the New York Central Mr. Newman naturally succeeded him. But he did even more, for he also retained the Presidency of the Lake Shore, and is to-day operating head of both of these great railroads

It was directly through him that the new twenty-hour trains to Chicago were put on. As head of the Lake Shore and New York Central he had for months been receiving letters suggesting a faster service. He investigated the question carefully and finally opened negotiations with the Pennsylvania, as a result of which the new schedules were adopted

Ethics and Etiquette of the Forecastle

By Morgan Robertson

Some Curious Precedents and Rules that Guide the Sailor's Conduct. His Own Account of Their Origin More Curious Still. His Childish Dread of Ridicule

INITIALLY sailors are drawn from two distinct classes of human beings: boys and young men with ideals of courage, endurance and other manly attributes to develop, who take to the sea willingly, and failures in life who take to it unwillingly — who are unable to compete in the struggle on shore and sign to get work, or are shanghaied when sailors are scarce. Few of this latter class live long enough to become able seamen, and few of the young idealists remain at sea after their disillusionment; but those who do are transformed by the iron-hard traditions of seafaring into creatures whose ethics, etiquette and viewpoint are as distinct from those of landsmen as are ships from trolley cars.

A sailor remains a sailor while he lives; even should he quit the sea and succeed on shore he carries the flavor of his past in his gait, his speech and his thought. He will walk with a roll and a swing, and, with miles of room, will pace a veranda or garden path for exercise; no study or care can rid him of all his inaccuracies of diction — shipshape and correct at sea, but bad English on shore. For instance, he will pronounce the word "leeward" as though spelt with a double o, "composite," as applied to an iron-framed wooden ship, he will accent on the first syllable, and many words, such as "tackle," he will pronounce with the long sound of the vowel, because, having had this pronunciation driven into his brain at time of storm and stress by strong lunged men speaking earnestly of vital matters, he cannot in one lifetime rid himself of the effect.

A Young Sailor's Bad Break

Direct speech is inculcated in him on shipboard, and the amenities of life are neglected in his tutelage; hence, without necessarily being more frank and honest of mind than his fellowmen, or more coarse-fibred, he will speak bluntly and often brutally, with small thought of consequences.

An illustration of this is the experience of a young man known to the writer, who quit the sea after a voyage or two and went back to abide with his father, an old shipmaster who had lived ashore for years but who had not lost his habit of mind. The son had not been at sea long enough to acquire it, and one morning as he came into the kitchen where the old man was lighting the fire, he glanced out of the window and ventured the casual and superfluous remark that "it looks like rain."

The father arose from the fire, wrathful of face, and roared: "Ain't o' going to rain with the wind out o' the west! *Don't you know any more than* THAT!" The youth did not press the point, and it was years later that he developed his conversational powers to the extent of nonchalant comment on the weather.

That a sailor will succeed on shore is almost an absolute certainty, provided he has first become an able seaman. Many trades go toward the construction of a ship, and the men that keep her in repair — her crew — must obtain a smattering of them all. Besides the tricks of his calling, the sailor sooner or later must learn the use of carpenter's tools, the painter's brush, the tailor's shears and needle, the shoemaker's last and hammer; he must caulk seams with a caulker, and sew canvas with a sailmaker, outscrub the scrubwoman, and wash clothes under conditions to sicken the soul of the washwoman. It is not that he may obtain work at these trades on shore; but the versatility of his acquirements, with the multitude of his victories over the elements, gives him a confidence in himself that enables him to face any new work or problem of life.

Any woman in a position to know will testify that a sailor is a handy man about the house, and some of the highest positions in the land are occupied by able men who acquired them through the strength of character developed in an early, and not too lengthy, service at sea. For the sailor must not remain too long a sailor, or his strength will strike in and bind him tightly to the trade. And even when he has obtained his foothold on shore, he must not visit the docks when temporarily out of work and a little despondent. The smell of the tar and the sight of yards and rigging will appeal to his roving soul, and lucky is he if he gets past the first shipping office on his way home.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on this subject by Mr Robertson. The second will appear in an early number.

The Tale of the Shanghaied Whip-Maker

And conversely, any special work he may have learned before going to sea will at some time or another be given him aboard ship, and his expertness will redound to his advantage; for instance, a coach-whip maker, shanghaied in the writer's second ship, proved himself, as was to be expected, utterly useless on deck or aloft; but in a knot-tying contest, one evening after work was done, he displayed such a surprising knowledge of Turk's-heads, sennit, fancy knots, and other forms of high class seamanship, that the news filtered aft, and the skipper investigated him. Every method by which strands may be twisted or interwoven into forms of beauty was known to the whip-maker, and the result of the investigation was that the incapable landsman was relieved from all other work. While competent able seamen were put at distasteful scrubbing, scraping and tarring, this craftsman — fallen into his niche — sat upon the poop in clean clothing and did seamanly work that the ablest seaman aboard had not learned. He made two sets of man-ropes that were marvels of symmetry and beauty; there were knots and Turk's-heads in them for which no one aboard could find a name. He made yoke-ropes for all the boats — works of art; new bales for the poop-deck buckets; a bell-pull for each bell, the like of which never was seen before by any of that crew; he pointed each end of the big water-laid hawser — and all hands spent a painful hour in dragging it up from the 'tween' deck for him — and he worked a Flemish eye in the ends of the points that no one could criticise; made a watch-chain for the skipper out of his wife's hair; and finished the passage by instructing the lady in new kinks and stitches of macramé work.

Another case, and a sadder one, of the versatility demanded of a sailor occurred in the writer's own experience when, as an enthusiastic boy of sixteen, he went aboard his first ship and, having deposited his chest in the "boys' room," looked aloft with a critical eye at the maze of spar and rigging, every detail of which was familiar to him from years of study and thought, and yearning for the life of a sailor. He had often climbed to the truck on craft lying at the docks of his native town; he had learned the ropes from the rigging of models; he had learned to splice, to knot, to box the compass; he was a fair amateur sailor, and expected to be put at sailorly work, but a man came forward, and, after profanely criticising his eyes, his heart, his soul, his manners and his ancestry, led him to a pile of ashes and bade him sift it. The boy obeyed with tears in his eyes and gloom in his soul; for sifting the daily accumulation of ashes at home had been his task and bane through all his boyhood, and only the cheering thought that there were no ashes to be sifted at sea had buoyed him up through the years of waiting and yearning and prevented open revolt.

It was his first disillusionment, but not his last; in time he came to welcome the sifting job as a reprieve from more nauseous tasks, not the least of which is the simple one of taking in the side-lights at daylight, when, hardly wakened from a short watch below, the sleepy brain and empty stomach respond giddily to the effluvia of burning fish oil. Better the influx of good, clean ashes into the nostrils than this stench.

About the first thing a boy learns aboard ship is that he knows nothing; the next, to get out of the way. When he can do this, and get out of his own way as well, he is in condition to master the fundamental clause in the nautical code of etiquette, which is, when spoken to, to answer in a tone loud enough to be heard, even though it is a yell from the jib-boom end to the poop. Unless the order is a most general one, pertaining to routine work, it will not do to respond with an "Aye, aye, sir," or an "All right, sir." The order must be repeated each time it is given, and the "sir" must be added, or there will come instant rebuke from a shocked and scandalized officer which it will be difficult to ignore.

By this time he will have endeavored to assist at pulling ropes, and have been surprised and hurt at the vigor with which he has been hustled to the rear; for another clause in the code says that a boy shall not place his hands upon a rope above or in front of those of an able or an ordinary seaman, even though he is taller and longer-armed than his superior shipmates. He must stoop and "hold slack," and in the case of a horizontal pull, betake himself to the rear. So strongly is this point insisted upon that a ship's crew will, as the voyage progresses, grade themselves as do baseball players — according to "errors"; and a noticeably inefficient man, even though large and powerful, will hesitate to crowd a proven seaman on a rope, unless in time of hurry and stress, when the solecism is tolerated with certain mental reservations.

When Jack Must Show His Breeding

Another curious rule of conduct at sea decrees that every one shall pass to leeward of the captain when meeting him on deck, that sailors shall pass to leeward of the mates as well, and in going aft on any errand (except in the rush of shortening sail) shall climb the lee poop steps. No doubt this point of etiquette has come down from the days when men-of-war and merchant ships were nearly alike, and the weather side of the ship was reserved for the captain, as it is to-day in the world's navies. But an old sailor, asked to explain the custom, would stoutly aver that it was "so the skipper couldn't smell 'em."

Again, in reefing topsails, a man must show his breeding. In this operation the yard is lowered and pointed to the wind, and the reef tackles hauled taut from the deck; then the men "lay aloft" to reef — to pass weather and lee earings and tie reef-points. An earing is a lashing of rope which binds the ends of the reef-band to the yard, and is passed in just one shipshape way and no other. It is an able seaman's job, and he who passes it must straddle the yard outside of the foot-rope, facing inboard, and, holding his seat on the reeling spar by the grip of his knees, pass the turns of the earing and heave them taut with a short club called a "heaver." This he has secured from the "bosun's locker" below between the orders "Belay lee reef tackle" and "Lay aloft and reef," and carried up with him. He has moved quickly, to secure the post of honor from other equally able men; but should a presumptuous boy, ordinary seaman, or low-grade A. B. secure that heaver first, he is liable to a knockdown on the deck, or, if he reaches the rigging, to have it taken away from him half way up. A fight up aloft is a serious proposition, and few lesser lights are guilty of this bad taste after the first offense; they wait until, with a new ship and a new crew, they may more successfully "bluff" their fellows.

But the man or boy nearest an inferior job, such as furling a skysail, a royal, or light headsail, must jump to the rigging on the order from the officer, and it is considered a shameful thing to hang back, even the time necessary to shed oilskin coats, and allow a man behind to head you off; especially so if the job happens to be a dangerous one, for a sailor fears the imputation of cowardice, or the ridicule of his mates, more than he does any danger that may threaten in ordinary shipboard life.

THE HOME STUDY OF SCIENCE

By HENRY S. PRITCHETT
President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

DR. H. S. PRITCHETT

THE present age has been called, and rightly so, the Scientific Age. At no other period of the world's history has science played so great a rôle in human life She has come into modern civilization not only as the cheerful maid-of-all-work, to light and cleanse and beautify the path of humanity, but she has found her way into the very sanctuary of the individual human soul to affect profoundly man's views of history and of philosophy and of the significance of life itself

A scientific education means not simply increase of the student's knowledge in the applications of science to industry and to art, but it means as well, if it be really an education, a new view of his relations to men. One said to me, not long since: "I shall send my son to a scientific school because what he learns there will interfere neither with his politics nor with his religion." Nothing could be further from the fact That which a man learns in the scientific school will have everything to do with his politics, and everything to do with his religion. For if the scientific method is worth anything, if it brings into the life of the student a real power for dealing with the problems which are put before him, that power will extend to all the thinking which he does. If he thinks at all on the great moral and political questions which have so profoundly influenced mankind, his thinking will be influenced by the scientific method of approaching a problem.

What is the scientific method? In what does it differ from other methods of seeking knowledge? How may one know the scientific method?

The answer to these questions is not easy. It is less difficult to say what the scientific method is not than to indicate, in few words, what it is. But some appreciation of its meaning lies at the beginning of any attempt to understand the work of men of science, or of any attempt to estimate the significance of the scientific research of the past forty years.

A very bright woman once said of Boston that it is not a place, but a state of mind; and in a sense this is true of the scientific method. It is not a special sharpness of vision; it is not the ability to study with tireless patience the phenomena of nature; it is not the habit of bringing together all the facts before making a deduction, although it includes all of these. Its essential quality lies in the state of mind of the student and in his attitude toward the pursuit of truth. He who would seek truth in the scientific spirit must come with no *a priori* theories, and must be willing to accept facts as they are demonstrated and to follow the truth so gained whithersoever it may lead. It is in this attitude of mind rather than in any peculiarity of observation that the scientific method is to be distinguished. He who will know this method must learn first intellectual sincerity.

The Impossible Science of the Novelist

Perhaps the most direct way in which one may begin the study of science at home is by the method which the scientific men have themselves employed—that is, to begin some sort of regular and systematic observation upon the phenomena of Nature about them. No one who has not attempted such study can appreciate the keen pleasure which can be had from the regular observation of any of the processes of Nature which lie at our hand.

A curious indifference of our modern life to the phenomena of Nature is reflected in the literature of to-day. The references to such phenomena in contemporary novels have much the same relation to Nature that stage scenery has to a real landscape, if indeed such references do not exhibit ignorance of the daily order of Nature.

That remarkable young woman, Miss Marie Corelli, in her novel The Soul of Lilith, describes the hero of her story in the following astronomical strain:

"It was a mild night in May; the weather was unusually fine and warm; the skies were undarkened by any mist or cloud, and the stars shone forth with as much brilliancy as though the city lying under their immediate ken had been the smiling fairy, Florence, instead of the brooding giant, London. Now and again El-Rami raised his eyes to the sparkling belt of Orion, which glittered aloft with a lustre that is seldom seen in the hazy English air."

As a matter of fact, Orion is a winter constellation, and El-Rami, in order to have seen him on a May night, would need to look not "aloft" but straight through the earth, a feat which would have taxed the powers of even that remarkable man. In a word, the author has introduced here a reference to a scene in Nature which meant nothing to her and which was without significance for most of her readers.

If the home student of science will increase his means of observation by a few simple instruments—a small telescope if he would study astronomy, a microscope for use in biological and physical studies, a few simple chemical instruments, or a modest equipment for the examination of rocks and fossils—he can enormously enlarge the range and accuracy of his observations in the one direction or in the other

Actual Research Better than Reading

The beginner who wishes to partake of the pleasure which comes of his own observation will naturally take up the study of something which has relation to his own surrounding. Far better to dig out the fossils in the ledges of one's neighborhood, better to trace out bit by bit the relations of these ancient forms of life to other life, than to read volumes about the researches of other men. And if the student will follow patiently the path of careful observation, putting down in a notebook, day by day and week by week, his observations, he will very soon find himself in the possession of one of the keenest intellectual pleasures that come to men—namely, the pleasure of discovery. Of course, the discoveries made by him will be those long since made by other men, but they will bring none the less the keenest enjoyment

But in our modern life, at least in our American life, the average man, however interested he may be in comprehending the results, feels that he has no time for such observations. Stars and fossils and bacteria and reagents have for him, he says, no interest as such. What he desires to know are the results which the scientific man reaches after his observations have been brought together. The reader, untrained in science, who undertakes to extract from original sources the conclusions of science and their relations to the universal knowledge, will meet many difficulties, one of which is to be found in the limitations of scientific men themselves

The majority of scientific men are observers, and are most intently engaged in the prosecution of the observations immediately before them. Comparatively few of them are able to take these observations, set them in their true light with respect to other knowledge, and tell the story of these relations in a manner which will be clear to the unscientific reader. And this is true, not by reason of any inherent difference in the intellectual power necessary to comprehend science and to comprehend literature, because, as Huxley was wont to say, science and literature are not two separate things, but two parts of the same thing. The difficulty comes rather from the attitude of the scientific worker and his lack of training in certain directions. To the man who is following out step by step the unfolding of the processes of Nature, whether these be of stars or of bacteria, the problem becomes an intensely absorbing one. For such a man the observations themselves come to have supreme importance.

> The primrose on the river's brim
> A dicotyledon is to him,
> And it is nothing more.

Not only is it often true that this class of scientific men cannot explain to others the relations and the value of their own observations, but nothing is more common than their failure themselves to understand the significance of the truth which they have brought to light. The history of science is full of stories of men who have had in their fingers the threads which led to great discoveries, but which they were not able to follow. In fact, this power, the power to generalize, to bring together a series of observations separated by time and space, to estimate correctly their relations and their significance, and to reduce from these crude materials the precious gold of truth, is rare. Those who possess it take up the disconnected thread of a thousand looms, and weave it into a garment for humanity. They are the great leaders of science

As a rule the reader is not able to get into immediate contact with either of these classes in the front rank of science. He generally finds it easier and more profitable to deal with the men in the second rank; those who, taking up the work of the discoverers, arrange and correlate it, and pass it along to the general mass of mankind

The miners at the end of a coal shaft give their whole effort to the work of quarrying the crude mass of coal. A second group of men receive these masses of crude material and reduce them to form suitable for commerce. The consumer in the end receives the same coal which the miner at the tunnel end has wrested from the earth, but receives it in a form adapted to his use. In some such way the intelligent reader of science must get his conception of the significance and the relation of scientific truth; not, as a rule, from the men who quarry from the unknown the secrets of Nature, but from that group of men in the second rank, who perform a service no less honorable, though less brilliant.

In the main, therefore, the reader will look for his best exposition of the work of science to those who have the power of exposition, and who as a rule are not the advance-guard of the scientific army. Sometimes this can be had in the way of a scientific explanation of some near-at-hand thing which connects science at once with daily life, such as Faraday's Chemistry of a Candle and Huxley's Story of a Piece of Chalk. But, in general, he will learn more and get a fairer view of science and a better conception of the significance of its work by reading the work of those who, following next after the observers and the great original thinkers, undertake to give a survey of the results of their work, and serve also to connect the results themselves with human life, which after all is the real reason why the man of culture should know something of science. Such work is represented in the astronomical writings of Sir Robert Ball and of Richard Proctor, in popular lectures on chemistry by Faraday, by the essays of Tyndall in physics, by the remarkably clear expositions of Huxley concerning biological subjects, and by the works of John Fiske on the philosophical aspects of science.

The Immense Value of Scientific Biographies

There is one other class of books which, rightly read, seems to me to minister more than all other reading to the understanding of science. And these are the biographies of the great men of science.

When a naturalist undertakes the study of any living organism he begins with the simplest form in which the organism is to be found, watches it day and night through its various stages, growing with its growth, and in the end comes to understand the nature of the full grown animal by the life history through which he has traced it. Thus, if one reads a history of the development of a scientific man, where enough of the man is shown to trace his real growth and to understand the real springs of action which moved him, one may trace out the actual evolution of a scientific man and come to know, as in no other way, what the scientific spirit is.

Let one take up the study of such a life as that of Pasteur, and follow it from the tanner's yard in Arbois to the inauguration of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. If, catching somewhat of the simplicity and sincerity of the scientific method, he can follow this serious, simple-hearted lad through his schooldays and his dreary homesickness at Paris; trace the gradually forming strength of will which must know the truth and would make any sacrifice and perform any labor to attain it; follow him through those simple but exhaustive experiments in spontaneous generation; trace out in his life history the influence of these first principles of biological science until they led him to discoveries which have made life something better for the whole race of men; if one will in some such way trace out the growth of one of the masters in science, he will realize as in no other way that the unselfish pursuit of truth leads not only to larger usefulness but no less truly to simplicity and nobility of life. And, after all, there is perhaps no study of science which to the intelligent reader will yield so much, will give him so direct a view of the philosophy of science and of its bearing on human life, as a study of the masters of science themselves.

Editor's Note—This paper introduces a series of articles on Contemporary Science—the second series in the Home College Course. The next paper will appear in an early number.

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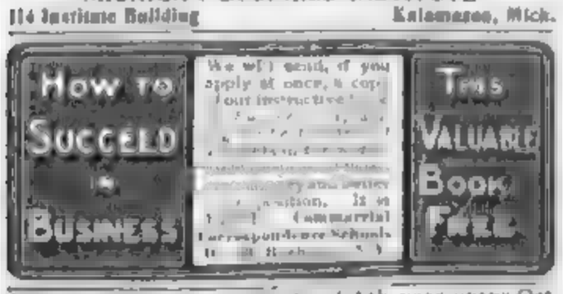
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The Quest of One's Grandfather

By GWENDOLYN DUNLEVY KELLEY

MISS GWENDOLYN DUNLEVY KELLEY

The Curiosities Met with in the Search. Where are the Best Hunting-Grounds. The Right Weapons to Take Along

THIS is not an easy voyage on which to embark if the waters be unknown, and the beginner may probably often longingly look back to the glaring shores of the prosaic Present, wavering, yet unwilling to abandon the helm or to relinquish his excursion into the misty realms of the Past. And as the voyager of old was hard put to it in steering between Scylla and Charybdis, so the traveler, seeking his grandfathers across the seas of Time, may require skill, persistence and patience to steer between the apathetic non-interest of "the rest of the family" and the light blasts of ridicule sent to turn him from his course or wreck his barge. Console yourself, gentle wanderer, with the assurance (proven by experience) that e'er long the scoffer will be seeking you out—with an apologetic cough—and you will have the satisfaction of seeing him throw out sidelines to catch at that for which *you* labored so hard. His quondam laugh will be turned into questionings as to what you found on your voyage of discovery, put diplomatically in the form of urging you to chronicle its history, and inquiries as to how and where you found your (common) grandfather, what manner of man he was, etc. Then will come a bid to see the "arms" which Dame Rumor had whispered that you had unearthed in some distant isle or continent, and finally there will be a timid request to be "allowed to make a souvenir sketch of their design."

Taking the First Steps

The first impulse which prompts the investigator to pause in the rush of present-day clubs and occupations, and to glance, *en passant*, down the avenues of yesterday, to note the artistic and pastoral picturesqueness of the distant vistas (and the atmosphere of soft, half-forgotten pastel shades which finally beguile him into venturing in that backward path), *is* primarily an *appreciation of*, and then a *love* for, the old, the rare, the rich—these "queer old things" he sees in "the family homestead" (or those of other families)—the quaint oil portraits, deep of tone, *passé* and quaint of costume, which are hanging on the walls of the tapestried library; the ivory miniature in the cabinet, undimmed by years and exquisite in detail, with the lock of hair at the back of its old setting.

In some cases he has been so used to the sight of these things, from childhood up, that until some day when accidental curiosity may open his eyes he will never learn their origin. In other cases, on the contrary, he has *always* cherished each object, as "My grandfather's this or that" or "Grandmother's so and so."

In the ring worn on great-grandmother's hand or the cane or fob carried by great-uncle Ichabod shown in these paintings we only recognize the same fob or seal-ring with its coat-of-arms which we have all looked at from time to time; family curios handed down along with the laces and old "family silver" and their traditions. There, also, is the sampler with its quaint designs, soft colors and many fine stitches, and the old letters belonging to a past generation, so strangely folded and sealed, on whose tender and yellowed paper we pore over fine penmanship and, often, signatures to be coveted by the autograph-hunter.

Daguerreotypes came later. Then, too, we have the old family books, of early publication and long "s's," with their heavy leather bindings, odd types and line-engraving illustrations. Sometimes they are in Greek or Latin, or there is an old French or German Bible, of quaint letterings, with a fine book plate hidden under its cover, and bearing the coat-of-arms and the motto of its owner, which start us to wondering what he himself may have been like. A wonderment, created by mystery and ignorance of the past, arises in our minds and haunts us, as to how and where they lived, these vanished ancestors of ours, who bequeathed to us these things so replete with marks of individuality and varying tastes! May we not know more of this beautiful woman, who looks at us with such calm eyes, than of the quality of her laces and brocades, the art of her fancy-work and the variety of the stitches of her sampler? Is it not for us to learn more of this man, whose distinguished face and strongly intellectual type compel our admiration, than how he signed his documents and that he was versed in Greek and Latin and read French?

Surely we cannot do less than to preserve these relics, be they scanty or rich; but soon we grow to care for them, so that we collect them around us, all that are to be found, deciphering what we may of the origin and owner of each, looking deeper into the records we had once chanced to notice in the old family Bible, treasuring it if it be ours, and if not—acquiring it if possible, or borrowing and copying from it verbatim.

How to Secure Results with Letters

The next step is one which requires more patience and a degree of callousness to any number of discouragements, likewise a goodly supply of writing materials and time. We have learned all we can at home; we must now go outside and ask all relatives. Questions galore are the keys to this situation! Ask or write to all members of the family or connections who are likely to know anything whatsoever, asking as a favor for any and all information which they may possess or may be able to obtain for you, and for copies of their family Bible records, etc., upon receiving which never fail to acknowledge their trouble in each instance (even though there may have been nothing you cared for), lest you find sources of further information closed to you. They may write pages of items you are already conversant with, yet

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one phrase may contain new data, corroborative or suggestive of much.

Repetition in genealogy is a good fault, for *corroboration* is of the utmost importance. Hence, in writing, state your desires and object, but do not feel called upon to chronicle all *you* may know or have unearthed of family history. Ask questions and let others "do the talking!" and inform *you*. After their first letter you can easily single out and follow up such points as you need and upon which you find they (and they' alone, perchance) are in a position to enlighten you. Under tactful management (and occasional cajoling) older members of the connection come out of their shells, as it were, to an amazing extent, and the distant relative, with whom you had hitherto concerned yourself but little, will give out quite unsuspected stores of information, such as you could not possibly do without and which otherwise would have been hopelessly lost.

When you have exhausted the connections, in more ways than one, say thank you and leave them to die in peace, having what you have extracted from them classified and well in hand! Follow this canvass by sending out sheets (which can be printed at trifling expense), with spaces left for the insertion of replies to your question. Request that these be filled out, or sent on to whomsoever may be best qualified to answer the queries, and returned to you. Also, unless you know the person well, inclose the sheet in a stamped envelope addressed to yourself, as the stamp often compels an answer otherwise neglected. Arrange the questions one under the other with spaces opposite each, on a long sheet. The following form gives an idea of one of the possible arrangements of the questions, the answers to which you can subsequently classify and arrange to suit yourself, combining their information into a "tree" or record.

A FAMILY RECORD OF THE —— HISTORY.

Your name in full? —— Where born (town, county, state or country)? —— When born, date in full? —— To whom married? —— Date and place of marriage in full? —— Date and place of birth of person to whom married? —— Date and place of death of person to whom married? —— Business, profession or occupation? —— Religion? —— Names of all relatives likely to know anything whatsoever of the family? —— Addresses? —— Who has the family Bible, and has it records? —— From where did the family originally come? —— Origin? —— Meaning of name? —— Arms? —— Names of your children with dates of their births, marriages and deaths; also their present names (and to whom married), their children's names, etc., with post-office address of each brother and sister (leave spaces).

Repeat above form of questions, using the words "your father's" or "your mother's" in lieu of "your ——," and asking for names and dates, marriages and children, not only of their children but of their brothers and sisters ——, —— deaths and places of burial, etc., —— according to your requirements, and so on back.

Name of Person
- Parent, paternal.. Date birth..... Date death..... When married ...
  - Paternal grandfather... Dates.....
  - Paternal grandmother...
- Parent, maternal. Date birth ..... Date death.....
  - Maternal grandfather.. Dates.....
  - Maternal grandmother.

(And so on, back for as many generations as required.)

Children or Brothers and Sisters and Children
- Name.....
- Date birth.....
- Date death.....
- Married (date).....(son of)..... to.....(daughter of)...
- Born. ....
- Died.....

(And so on, down to present generation.)

After covering the field offered by your own general connection, continue sending out these blanks to *other families of the same name*, for they often possess data among their archives which may relate to your branch, or else may be able to furnish general information about the name itself—its origin, antiquity, meaning, early history and changes—from papers and traditions; all of which may have been preserved in their lines although not in yours, but of equal import to both. At the same time county records, deeds, wills, marriage licenses, etc., may be searched out and certified copies obtained—an interesting although slow work, which sometimes develops treasures of data at once, but again only after prolonged search and repeated efforts.

It is a good plan to have the certified birth records and marriage licenses of each generation of one's ancestry back to the early days of this country, and such things are required for admission by some of the genealogical societies and are the pride of those *in* them, although usually termed "red tape" by those *out* of them by reason of their caprice or lack of qualifications. The looking up of such records, deeds, wills and licenses yields much, aside from the individual family lore, which bears upon the early history and conditions in this country; sidelights on picturesque situations, forcible hints and humorous passages. Likewise, there are infinite "hads"—almost as lengthy as the "begats" in certain chapters of the Bible. After wading through long lists one is struck by the unconscious humor in a record (true) beginning:

"Malancthon and Ketureh had *Hopeful*, had ——, had ——, had ——, had *Thankful*, had ——, had ——, had ——, had ——, had ——, had, had, had *Experience*."

Small wonder that in the end the last child should be so named!

Records of the above nature chiefly abound in libraries and belong properly under the head of genealogical book-lore, the principal field of the student's researches. To him the "genealogical departments" of libraries are veritable Meccas and the librarians (or chief librarians, if he can consult them and can obtain from them hints or directions as to *where* to look and *how* to begin) are angels of light; and if, after gaining their aid, he can give them clues concerning his most-remote-known ancestor's name, origin, his "ancestral state" or the county or general locality where he may have lived, and approximate dates, the lights of the guiding spirits of "the genealogical alcove" become doubly far-reaching!

To indicate such books would be an endless task, as the genealogical departments of our larger libraries are very full and cover immense fields both in general genealogy and heraldry, as well as in the histories of private branches, families and individuals. The Continental libraries hold much, as do also those of Great Britain. The Washington "Congressional," the New York "Astor," and the great library of Boston have immense stores, and other cities follow the same lines.

The genealogical and historical societies established in many of the States, especially those of the East, are well equipped and contain rich treasures of records and papers as well as books. Old book stores and their catalogues often bring to one's notice a longed-for volume, and, if one keeps an eye on the "genealogical columns" of some of the newspapers (for example, the Boston Transcript) much data may come to light. Genealogical and heraldic magazines and varied publications abound. Savage's Genealogical Records of New England are voluminous and most satisfactory authorities, to be consulted by whoever arrogates unto himself an ancestor of Colonial epoch. The collections of the historical societies and "State Papers" of various States are also valuable aids. Hayden, Burke, Detrass, Withers and others have treated of Virginia and West Virginia. Marshall has a Genealogist's Guide. Putnam's historical publications (Danvers, Massachusetts) have to do largely with New England. And so on, through the States, there are great rivers of knowledge into which autobiographies pour their tributary supplies.

Genealogical scrap books, charts, trees, etc., are so varied and numerous in their schemes of arrangement that to describe them would be impossible. Books may be bought, designed by skilled genealogists, with pages, spaces and openings, prepared most clearly, ready for the filling in of the names, dates and data of successive generations. "Ancestral charts," for the same purpose, may also be bought, with spaces for the tracing back of a family through a century or so at least. (The Ancestral Chart of Miss Georgiana Gould, Genealogist of the Rhode Island Society of Colonial Dames, 34 Pratt Street, Providence, Rhode Island, has given much satisfaction, and other similar arrangements and publications are to be had.

Editor's Note—A second paper on this subject by Miss Kelley will appear in an early number.

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Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

(Continued from Page 3)

dispensation. What he really feared was that his money might be fooled away in high living and speculation. And so he had banged away into the middle of the flock, hoping to bring down those two birds. Now that it began to look as if he might kill off the whole bunch he started in to hedge.

"Is it safe, William?" says he.

"As Sunday-school," says Bill, "if you do a strictly brokerage business and don't speculate."

"I trust, William, that you recognize the responsibilities of your stewardship?"

Bill fetched a groan. "Zeke," says he, "you cornered me there, and I 'spose I might as well walk up to the Captain's office and settle. I hadn't bought or sold a bushel on my own account in a year till last week, when I got your letter saying that you were coming. Then I saw what looked like a safe chance to scalp the market for a couple of cents a bushel, and I bought 10,000 September, intending to turn over the profits to you as a little present, so that you could see the town and have a good time without its costing you anything."

The Deacon judged from Bill's expression that he had got nipped and was going to try to unload the loss on him, so he changed his face to the one which he used when attending the funeral of any one who hadn't been a professor, and came back quick and hard:

"I'm surprised, William, that you should think I would accept money made in gambling. Let this be a lesson to you. How much did you lose?"

"That's the worst of it—I didn't lose; I made two hundred dollars," and Bill hove another sigh.

"Made two hundred dollars!" echoed the Deacon, and he changed his face again for the one which he used when he found a lead quarter in his till and couldn't remember who had passed it on him.

"Yes," Bill went on, "and I'm ashamed of it, for you've made me see things in a new light. Of course, after what you've said, I know it would be an insult to offer you the money. And I feel now that it wouldn't be right to keep it myself. I must sleep on it and try to find the straight thing to do."

I guess it really didn't interfere with Bill's sleep, but the Deacon sat up with the corpse of that two hundred dollars, you bet. In the morning at breakfast he asked Brother Bill to explain all about this speculating business, what made the market go up and down, and whether real corn or wheat or pork figured in any stage of a deal. Bill looked sort of sad and dreamy-eyed, as if his conscience hadn't digested that two hundred yet, but he was mighty obliging about explaining everything to Zeke. He had changed his face for the one which he wore when he sold an easy customer ground peas and chicory for O. G. Java, and every now and then he gulped as if he was going to start a hymn. When Bill told him how good and bad weather sent the market up and down, he nodded and said that that part of it was all right, because the weather was of the Lord.

"Not on the Board of Trade it isn't," Bill answered back; "at least, not to any marked extent; it's from the weather man or some liar in the corn belt, and, as the weather man usually guesses wrong, I reckon there isn't any special inspiration about it. The game is to guess what's going to happen, not what has happened, and by the time the real weather comes along everybody has guessed wrong and knocked the market off a cent or two.

That made the Deacon's chin whiskers droop a little, but he began to ask questions again, and by and by he discovered that away behind—about a hundred miles behind, but that was close enough for the Deacon—a deal in futures there were real wheat and pork. Said then that he'd been misinformed and misled; that speculation was a legitimate business, involving skill and sagacity; that his last scruple was removed and that he would accept the two hundred.

Bill brightened right up at that and thanked him for putting it so clear and removing the doubts that had been worrying him. Said that he could speculate with a clear conscience after listening to the Deacon's able exposition of the subject. Was only sorry he hadn't seen him to talk it over before breakfast, as the two hundred had been lying so heavy on his mind all night that he'd got up early and mailed a check for it to the Deacon's pastor and told him to spend it on his poor.

Zeke took the evening train home in order to pry that check out of the elder, but old Doc. Hoover was a pretty quick stepper himself and he'd blown the whole two hundred as soon as he got it, buying winter coal for poor people.

I simply mention the Deacon in passing as an example of the fact that it's easy for a man who thinks he's all right to go all wrong when he sees a couple of hundred dollars lying around loose a little to one side of the straight and narrow path; and that when he reaches down to pick up the money there's usually a string tied to it and a small boy in the bushes to give it a yank. Easy-come money never draws interest; easy-borrowed dollars pay usury.

Of course, the Board of Trade and every other commercial exchange has its legitimate uses, but all you need to know just now is that speculation by a fellow who never owns more pork at a time than he sees on his breakfast plate isn't one of them. When you become a packer you may go on 'Change as a trader; until then you can go there only as a sucker. Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a new series of Letters. The second will appear in an early number.

A Young Lion of Dedan

(Continued from Page 6)

Dicky. He saw an Oriental conscious of his power, whose heart was bitter, and whose soul, in its solitude, revolted and longed for action. It was not moved by a pure patriotism, but what it was moved by served. That dangerous temper, which would have let Dicky and himself go down under the neboots of the funeral multitude, with a *malaish* on his tongue, though he called Dicky his friend, was in leash, ready to spring forth in the inspired hour, and the justification need not be a great one. Some slight incident might set him at the head of a rabble which would sweep Cairo like a storm. Yet he saw, too, that, once immersed in what his mind accepted as his work to do, he would go straight forward with relentless force. In the excitement of the moment it seemed to him that Egypt was hanging in the balance.

Dicky was eating sweetmeats like a girl. He selected them with great care. Suddenly Abdalla touched his hand. "Speak on. Let all thy thoughts be open—stay not to choose, as thou dost with the sweetmeats. I will choose: do thou offer without fear. I would not listen to Ismail; to thee I am but as a *waled to bear thy shoes in my hand."

Dicky said nothing for a moment, but appeared to enjoy the comfit he was eating. He rolled it over his tongue, and his eyes dwelt with a remarkable simplicity and childlike friendliness on Abdalla. It was as though there was really nothing vital at stake. . . . Yet he was probing, probing without avail, into Abdalla's mind and heart, and was never more at sea in his life. It was not even for Donovan Pasha to read the Oriental thoroughly. This man before him had that duplicity or evasion of the Oriental; delicately in proportion to his great ability, yet it was there—though in less degree than in any Arab he had ever known. It was the more dangerous because so subtle. It held surprise—it was the source of the unknown. The most that Dicky could do was to feel subtly before him a certain cloud of the unexpected. He was not sure that he deceived Abdalla by his simple manner, yet that made little difference. The Oriental would think not less of him for dissimulation, but rather more. He reached over and put a comfit into the hand of Abdalla.

"Let us eat together," he said, and dropped a comfit into his own mouth.

Abdalla ate, and Dicky dipped his fingers in the basin before them, and, as he lifted them, said: "I will speak as to my brother. Ismail has staked all on the Soudan. If, in the will of God, he is driven from Berber, from Dongola, from Khartoum, from Darfur, from Kassala, his power is gone. Egypt goes down like the sun at evening. Ismail will be like a withered gourd. To establish order and peace and revenue there, he is sending the man his soul loves, whom the

*Waled—Boy.

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nations trust, to the cities of the desert. If it be well with Gordon, it will be well with the desert cities. But Gordon asks for one man—an Egyptian—who loves the land and is of the people, to speak for him, to counsel with him, to show the desert tribes that Egypt gives her noblest to rule and serve them. There is but one man—Abdalla, the Egyptian, A few years yonder in the desert—power, glory, wealth won for Egypt, the strength of thine arms known, the piety of thy spirit proven, thy name upon every tongue—on thy return, who then should fear for Egypt?"

Dicky was playing a dangerous game, and Renshaw almost shrank from his words. He was firing the Egyptian's mind, and what course would he take? If to the Soudan, well; if to remain—what conflagration might not occur! Dicky staked all.

"Here, once more, among thy people, returned from conquest and the years of pilgrimage in the desert, like a prophet of old, thy zeal would lead the people, and once more Egypt should bloom like the rose. Thou wouldst be sirdar, mouffetish, pasha, all things soever. This thou wouldst be and do—thou, Abdalla, the Egyptian!"

Dicky had made his great throw; and he sat back, perhaps a little paler than was his wont, but apparently serene, and earnest and steady.

The effect upon Abdalla could be judged only by his eyes, which burned like fire as they fixed upon Dicky's face. The suspense was painful, for he did not speak for a long time. Renshaw could have shrieked with excitement. Dicky lighted a cigarette and tossed a comfit at a pariah dog. At last Abdalla rose. Dicky rose with him.

"Thou, too, hast a great soul, or mine eyes are liars," Abdalla said. "Thou lovest Egypt also. This Gordon—I am not his friend. I will not go with him. . . . But if thou goest also with Gordon, then I will go with thee. If thou dost mean well by Egypt, and thy words are true, thou also wilt go. As thou speakest, let it be."

A mist came before Dicky's eyes—the world seemed falling into space, his soul was in a crucible. The struggle was like that of a man with death, for this must change the course of his life, to what end God only knew. All that he had been to Egypt, all that Egypt had been to him, came to him. But he knew that he must not pause. Now was his moment, and now only. Before the mist had cleared from his eyes he gave his hand into Abdalla's.

"In God's name, so be it. I also will go, and thou with me," he said.

(THE END)

The Reading Table

Great Men at Play

A BOOK on the amusements of great men, showing them *en déshabillé*, and revealing the ways in which they have sought to unbend themselves, and to escape from the strain and tension under which they have worked, would be exceedingly interesting. A great man is no exception to the rule that man is what he is, not by nature, but by effort. The life of an intellectual giant, be he a poet or a statesman, a Napoleon or a Leonardo da Vinci, is a continual struggle; yet the bow cannot always be strung without injury; an acrobat cannot always be on the tight-rope; and the mightiest worker, alike with the feeblest, cannot work profitably without occasional rest and recreation.

We are told that one of the Kings of Macedon spent his leisure hours in making lanterns. A modern King, Louis XVI, amused himself by making locks. Cardinal Richelieu, when tired of contending with the French nobles and baffling hostile conspirators, amused himself with violent exercise and would contend with his servant to see who could jump the higher. Cardinal Mazarin is said to have been fond of shutting himself up in a room and jumping over the chairs arranged in positions that varied the difficulty of clearing them. On one occasion he forgot to lock the door. A young courtier inadvertently entered the room, and surprised the Cardinal in his undignified pursuit. It was an embarrassing position, for Mazarin, he knew, was as haughty as he was eccentric. The young man was equal to the crisis. Feigning the intensest interest in the proceeding, he said, with well counterfeited earnestness: "I will bet Your Eminence two gold pieces that I can beat that jump." He had struck the right chord, and in two minutes he was measuring his leaping powers with that of the prime minister, whom he took care not to beat. He lost his two gold pieces to be sure, but he gained before long a mitre.

The Wise Man and the Fool

The great metaphysician and theologian, Dr. Samuel Clarke, spent some of the intervals of his time, when not engaged in controverting the views of Hobbes, Leibnitz or Spinoza, in leaping over the tables and chairs in his study, or in playing on all fours with children. On one of these occasions, seeing an owlish pedant approaching, he exclaimed: "Now we must leave off, for there is a fool coming." The same story is told of Plato.

Sir Robert Walpole, who sought recreation in lively conversation at the dinner-table, would send to the circus for musicians and actors if the talk was dull. Old Burton, whose Anatomy of Melancholy was the only book that would draw Doctor Johnson from his bed two hours earlier than usual, used to recreate himself by going down to Folly Bridge, at Oxford, and listening to the chaff of the bargemen, "which did clear away his vapors and make him laugh as he would die." Spinoza's favorite recreation was to catch spiders to see them fight. When he had succeeded in making them as angry as gamecocks he would break out, all thin and feeble as he was, into a roar of laughter, and chuckle to see his champions engage in combat, as if they, too, like men, were fighting for honor. Byron's favorite amusement was shooting with a pistol at a coin in a cleft stick.

In Bait and Debate Persuasive

It was a maxim of the Jesuits that no one should apply himself to earnest study for more than two hours without recreation. When Pativius, one of the most learned of the order, was writing one of his leading works, he used, at the end of every two hours, to rise and twirl his chair for five minutes. William Wilberforce trundled hoops with his children; and Macaulay, Goldsmith and Shelley romped with the little folk on all fours, or engaged in their games. Izaak Walton, Sir Henry Wotton and John Bright were devotees of the rod, and so were the heroic Nelson and Daniel Webster, who, as has been wittily said, "in bait and debate was equally persuasive."

The poet Gray thought the ideal of relaxation, and indeed of earthly happiness, was to be found in lying on a sofa, and "reading eternal new novels of Marivaux and Crébillon." The gloomy Swift is said to have relieved his tense and tragic moods by harnessing his servants with cords, and driving them up and down the stairs and through the rooms of the deanery. Philip, Duke of Burgundy, spent much of his leisure time and enormous sums of money in contriving houses full of diableries, such as hidden trap-doors, spring snares and other crafty contrivances. He would then invite some stranger inside, and the miseries and perplexities of the unfortunate victim of his ingenuity—who would find himself at one time falling through space, at another soused in water, or banged with sacks of flour that came tumbling on his bewildered head—would afford infinite amusement to the eccentric torturer. Helen Chalmers says of her father, the great preacher Thomas Chalmers, that at the solemn time when the Free Church of Scotland was about to come out from the Established Church he sought recreation almost every day by playing at kite-flying on the Edinburgh common.

One of the most singular amusements of a man of genius was that of the poet Shelley, who took a boyish delight in floating little paper boats on lakelets or little ponds. A pond on Hampstead Heath often bore his tiny craft; and it is said that one day, as he stood by the Serpentine in Hyde Park, having no other paper with which to indulge his passion, he actually folded a Bank of England note for fifty pounds into the shape of a boat, launched the little vessel on its voyage, watched its steady progress with anxious delight, and finally walked round and received it on the opposite shore!

—*William Mathews.*

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